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Northern Messenger

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W. W. Brownscombe 30206

Among the Deep-sea Fishermen.

(Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, in the 'Outlook.')

(Concluded.)

PART II.

When the steam fishing vessels began to replace the more picturesque yawls, the Mission had either to follow suit or fall astern. It has at sea, at the present moment, besides its sailing ships, three large Hospital steamers. The best testimonial to the social revolution that has been so long taking place has been from the police magistrates and the police themselves.

Encouraged by results in 1892, I was loaned the largest of the sailing vessels, a craft of ninety-seven tons burden, in which we sailed to the Labrador coast to see whether, among English-speaking fishermen of the North-West Atlantic, similar results might not be achieved there.

In three months we had nine hundred patients, to whom we could thus commend our Gospel with pills and plasters, without fear of denomination interference, besides witnessing a condition of poverty to which we had been quite strangers over on the other side. Unable to do on the ship to those men as we would have them do unto us under similar circumstances, we called on the way home at St. John's, Newfoundland, and laid the matter before the merchants, asking for help to build a hospital on the land, and promising to bring out a doctor and nurse to live there, if they built it.

We have now three hospitals on that desolate coast—not palaces for pain such as one sees in these great cities, but humble wood buildings, where a qualified doctor and trained nurse reside, where, besides their own rooms, they have a dozen beds for sick people, a convalescent room, an operating room, and an isolation ward. These places are not hospitals only, but hostels, places to which anyone and everyone is expected to come in sickness or any other kind of trouble whatever. Needless to say, they come often very long distances in their boats in summer, or in dog-sleighs in winter. We do our part in the summer, cruising in the Hospital ships, the largest of which I serve as captain, and in winter by travelling from place to place—moving practically all the time, only making the hospital, which is kept open by the nurse, the headquarters to which we return whenever we think it necessary.

Here other methods of commending our Gospel are also open to us, owing to the extraordinary poverty and isolation of the people. Lack of experience made us satisfied for the first three years to try and cope with the question of hunger and nakedness by collecting and distributing warm clothing, and assisting the people in various ways to get food.

It was not until 1896 that, seeing the futility of giving financial help to men who had to pay from seven dollars to eight dollars for a barrel of flour worth four dollars, and two dollars and a half to three dollors for a hogshead of salt, which could be bought at St. John's for one dollar, we set to work to find a new sermon to preach

A FISHERWIFE.

on this subject. Many of our most piteous cases at hospital were the direct fruit of chronic semi-starvation. Thus our people fell victims to tuberculosis of glands and bones, only owing to the marasmus induced by insufficient food. This was more especially the case among children. A universal system of truck business prevailed: the 'catch' of to-morrow was mortgaged for the food of to-day. The people seldom or never saw cash. The inevitable results were poverty, thriftlessness, and eventually hopelessness. The contention of the trader was always that the men's poverty was because they did not catch enough to support themselves. The answer was that they got enough to support at least thirty traders.

We started a sermon with a co-operative store as a text. The people round it were all heavily in debt; most winters they received so much Government relief to keep them from actual starvation that the place was known as 'The Sink.' The people were almost all illiterate, and knew nothing about business, and the little store went through varying fortunes. They had very, very little money to put in, and even that they were afraid to put in under their own names, for fear the traders should find out, and punish them. One trader wrote me denying our right to interfere with his people, as if those whom he had tried to lead me to think were only the recipients of his 'charity' existed solely for the benefit of his trade. I need not say that we had now to regret gaps in the prayer meetings once filled so fervently by our friends the enemy.

Looking at the results of the sermon seven years afterwards, I find the people clothed, fed, independent, with a new little church building, and children far-and-away better clad and educated. The movement has spread; there are now five co-operative stores, with a schooner called the 'Co-operator,' which carries their products to and from the markets. The price of flour has uniformly kept under five dollars a barrel; the price of salt has been reduced nearly 50 percent, and other things in pro-

portion. We have had many troubles, owing to poor fisheries, our own ignorance of methods of business, and to our isolation. But our storekeepers and crew are Christian men, well aware that the best Gospel they can preach is to keep the store for Christ.

One of our chief troubles with our people was the long enforced idleness of the winter, and the consequent necessity of living largely on the summer 'catch.' This necessitated their remaining scattered on the chance of catching fur-bearing animals in the winter, even if the actual 'catch,' as was often the case, didn't amount to a barrel of flour for the whole time. This again prevented their children being reached for educational purposes. It was long a problem to us what ought to be done to meet the difficulty. Eventually we took up a grant of timber-land on which the Newfoundland Government permitted me special conditions, and we started to aggregate the people in winter by affording them remunerative work about the mill. To this we have added a small schooner-building yard, and hope shortly to add a cooperage, as we use many barrels in the fish industry. We have gathered together about this small effort this winter some two hundred and fifty people. A small schoolhouse has been erected, and those who are managing the mill know that this effort is their text from which they are to preach their sermon.

To meet the needs of the long wintry evenings, we have commandeered the two small jails in our district and converted them into clubs, with a library and games, which have been supplemented by the importation of footballs made of rubber for service on the snow. This has become so popular that our Eskimo women join the game with their babies in their hoods; and sealskin footballs stuffed with dry grass have sprung into existence all along the coast.

The toys, which we usually credit Santa Claus with bringing from the North, had hitherto been conspicuous by their absence, the supply perhaps being exhausted. Any how, the birthdays of the Labrador children, like the birthday of our Lord, have never been characterized by the joyful celebrations which formed oases in our own child-life. We have turned the current of toys back to the north again. True, the dolls are often legless, the tops are dented, and the Noah's arks resemble hospitals. But these trifles have made the Christmas trees no less a message of the love of God on the birthday of the Saviour to these many birthdayless children who thus keep their own on that day.

We have become residuary legatees for all the real estate in the orphan children line. Years ago I buried a young Scotch fisherman and his wife in a desolate sand-spit of land running out into one of the long fjords of Labrador. Amidst the poverty-stricken group that stood by as the snow fell were five little orphan children. Having assumed the care of all of them, I advertised two in a Boston newspaper, and received an application from a farmer's wife in New Hampshire. Later on I visited the farm. It was small and poor and away in the backwoods. The woman had children of her own. Her simple explanation as to why she took the children is worth recording: 'I cannot teach in the Sunday-school or attend prayer meetings, Doctor. They are too far away, and I wanted to do something for the Master. I thought the farm would feed two more.' How many are losing the chances of preaching sermons that need no oratory? Is it one of the causes of the failures of the churches that so much undeveloped capacity remains in the pews?

[For the 'Messenger.'

God is Good.

(A. M. W.)

Morn amid the mountain,
Lovely solitude;
Gushing stream and fountain
Murmur, 'God is good,
God is good.'

See the glad sun rising,
Pours a golden flood,
Deepest vails awaking,
Echo, 'God is good,
God is good.'

Hear the soft winds blowing
Through the leafy wood,
Songsters, sweetly singing,
Warble, 'God is good,
God is good.'

We can join the chorus,
Man with soul endowed,
He who smiles is o'er us,
God our God is good.
God is good.

Papers Wanted in Africa.

One of our subscribers, Mrs. L. D. S., of Maxwell, Ont., writes us in regard to a lady missionary in Liberia, who, having an adopted family of some two dozen native boys and girls to educate and train in Christian truth, would be glad to receive parcels of Sunday-school papers, fancy cards with Scripture texts, or good illustrated children's books for their use. Anyone wishing to send should be exceedingly careful to fully prepay postage, as otherwise such parcels become a hindrance rather than a help to the missionary, who is never burdened with surplus funds. Postage to Liberia is 'one cent for every two ounces or fraction thereof.' The name and address of the sender should be enclosed in each package, for, though it is rarely possible to acknowledge such gifts, much as they may be appreciated, it is an added pleasure to know the names of interested friends.

Address—Mrs. H. T. Wright, Greenville, Sinoe Co., Liberia, West Africa.

Acknowledgment From Miss Dunhill.

112 Irvine Ave., Westmount, Que.,
Canada, Dec. 20, 1904.

Dear Editor of the 'Northern Messenger,'—Will you again please let me respond through your paper to the thought of yet another for India? Two dollars from 'A Friend to Missions' has followed me as I tour; postmark, 'Oak Grove, Ontario.' I take this as a Christmas gift; and, while thanking the kind donor from my heart, do want him to know that he is truly helping towards the fulfilment of the promise regarding the Christ of Christmas, 'He shall reign as King.'

Yours gratefully,
HELEN E. DUNHILL.

A Cure for Leprosy.

Captain E. R. Rost, of India, claims not only to have discovered the bacillus of leprosy, but to have found a serum that cures it. He calls the serum 'leprolin.' It is made somewhat in the same way as Dr. Koch's tuberculin for the cure of consumption, and its action is very similar. In Burmah more than one hundred cases have been treated. In India the treatment is used in thirty different places. Four cases have been reported as cured, while in the great majority of cases under treatment the improvement is said to have been very marked. Beneficial effects are noted in all varieties of the disease when treated by injections of leprolin. Limbs that have lost sensation for years have had it restored as well as normal color to blotches of long standing. Captain Rost does not endorse the theory of Hutchinson that leprosy comes from a fish diet or more especially from eating badly cured fish. The serum is administered by injections, usually once in a fortnight, salt is applied to the diseased areas and is also used internally. It is greatly to be hoped that there is some real benefit in Captain Rost's discovery, and that leprosy, one of the most loathsome and distressing diseases in the world, may be at least measurably limited.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

How to Meet an Infidel.

When Maud Ballington Booth was recently asked how she would deal with an infidel, she replied:

'First, I would not argue with him. God is too infinite, too sacred, too real for me to condescend to argue about him. I would show the seeker after light that he had been looking for stars in the mud instead of the heavens. Diving down into the subterranean passages of earth making mines to look for the dawning of the morning, instead of climbing the hills from whence it could naturally first be seen.

'I should make it very clear that God could not be found through books, creeds, notions or theories, but that the soul must seek after him as a Being and an influence that could be met and felt only by the earnest heart that goes straight to the root of the matter and appeals with earnest prayer to God himself.

'All the building of his own imagination, all the doubt and sin would have first to be cast down before any relief could avail him anything.'—'Ram's Horn.'

Up Grades.

Some years ago, while taking a cycling trip through the country of Robert Burns, I asked a Scotchman to tell me the best road from Ayr to Maybole, a distance of nine miles. With sympathetic appreciation of the difficulties of wheeling over a rough country, he answered, 'There are twa roads, but the lower one is better, there are na sae mony braes that way.' Further inquiry revealed that the road he recommended led through the valley, while the other road made its way up and down numerous hills, about the 'braes' of which, with true Scottish courtesy, he warned me.

However, I had gone to Scotland for braes, among other things; so I took the hill road. I did not regret the choice. True, the grades were somewhat trying, and muscles ached after the long ride from Glasgow. But what a view there was from the hilltops!—green slopes and fertile valleys, bits of forest and glimpses of water—with every thought of Scotland the picture comes to mind. Long time I gazed, and as I looked I thought, 'What I should have lost if I had taken the easier way through the valley!'

When duty does lead us in difficult paths, when we ache and fret because our lives seem full of trial, and we look regretfully to the valley road through which we think God might have brought us, let us remember that the travellers in the quiet valley have little of that perfect peace which comes in the midst of trial. They can enjoy few of the real blessings of life until they leave the valley road where 'there are na sae mony braes' from which God's glory is revealed.—The Rev. John T. Faris, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

To-day.

Upon John Ruskin's writing desk
A slab of chalcedony lay,
And on it, cut in careful script,
The word 'To-day.'

Honored of all, a wondrous man,
And held a prophet in his way,
He let 'To-morrow' bide its time,
And used 'To-day.'

Upon the tablet of the will
How good to write, the self-same way,
Putting to-morrow's uses by,
The word 'To-day.'

—Harriet Prescott Spofford.

A Month of Servitude.

(Mary Sweet Potter, in 'American Messenger.')

'See here, Jane, wouldn't this cure sore eyes if we had 'em? That old debt to Raymond is paid, as well as one month's rent in advance, and here are twenty-five dollars to do what we please with.' Jane Hanley drew a long breath.

'Oh, Jack! it seems too good to be true.'

'But it isn't. And I have a week's vacation, besides, to rest out in.'

Jane was glad her face was in shadow, for she did not want Jack to see that she was not pleased to hear of the vacation. Not that she would have begrudged Jack a needed rest, far from it, but——

'You don't know how I have wanted several things that I can get now, Jack, and you need some things, too. With twenty-five dollars we can get them all and have enough left to get a batch of groceries to last till the next pay day; but it will take it all, every cent.'

'Well, that is what we work and earn the money for, little woman; no use hoarding it.'

'Oh, yes, Jack!' protested Jane; 'we must begin to hoard soon, or else we will have nothing to keep us when we are old or sick.'

'Oh, well, time enough for that,' said careless Jack. 'Now, let us have some supper, so I can run down to the village a few minutes before bedtime. I won't be gone but a little while. I declare it seems good to think I need not get up at four o'clock to-morrow morning.'

Down, down, down, sank poor Jane's heart till it could sink no lower. She had been the wife of Jack Hanley only one short year, but that was long enough to learn his failings.

Patiently she had waited for this time to come, when she could feel free to buy some much needed household articles and garments for Jack and herself, and for very shame, it seemed to her, she could not have gone without them longer. And now Jack would give her all the money she needed.

Jack kept the money in his own pocket, however, and carried it away down the street with him.

Jane had gently suggested that he had better leave it at the house for fear some one might rob him; but he had replied that burglars would be far more likely to enter the house and take it from her during his absence, making her blush with the humorous twinkle of his eye that told her he had read her thoughts aright.

That was a never-to-be-forgotten vacation week for poor Jane. Jack rose at breakfast time and drank a cup of coffee each morning, then started for the village and remained there till night, when he returned, ate a few mouthfuls of food, went unsteadily to bed and dropped into a drunken stupor that lasted till a late hour next day. This was repeated again and again till the vacation week was nearly over, and she felt certain that his pocket-book was nearly empty.

Jack had not given Jane any money, and she, meek soul, had not asked him for any, but cried her pillow wet with tears each night, while he slept, and looked and acted her own mild, sweet self when his guilty eyes met hers in the morning.

On Saturday a neighbor dropped in.

'Your house-cleaning is all done, I see,' she remarked. 'So is mine. Mrs. Halloran hasn't begun; she says she isn't going to do it herself and will pay a woman a dollar a day to work a month for her and do all her cleaning. I guess she's the only woman in the village, except the doctor's wife, too good to do her own house-cleaning, or help do it anyway. My! you ought to see her nose fly up and hear her talk.'

'I don't want to,' said Jane, before she thought. Not for the world would she have Mrs. Dennison know what was in her mind.

She turned the conversation in another direction and kept it there, and when the neighbor went away, she began hastily to dress to go to the village.

'She has got my money; she shall give it back to me,' she said, over and over. 'Jack has earned it once and would not give it to me, now I will earn it again, for I must have it to buy the things we need.'

So, just before the dinner hour, the high-headed, over-dressed wife of Jim Halloran, the principal saloon keeper of the town, was summoned to meet Jane Hanley, wife of one of her husband's best customers, before whom her brazen face lost a trifle of its color and assurance.

What could Jane Hanley, of well-known temperance principles, and member of the only church in the immediate vicinity, want with her. There was no need to fear, however.

'Do you want some one to do your house-cleaning?' inquired Jane's mild, musical voice. 'I heard so.'

'Yes, I do,' replied Mrs. Halloran, still wondering.

'I will do it for you; I know how. I used to help do it at home and have done my own since I was married.'

Up went Mrs. Halloran's flag of independence again and she regarded poor Jane Hanley patronizingly.

'Why, I s'pose you can have the job if you want it. I'd just as soon pay you for doing it as anyone else. I won't do it, if it's never done,' she said, with uplifted chin. Jim Halloran is able to support me without me doing the dirty, hard work and he's got to do it. He don't work himself.'

Jane ignored all Mrs. Halloran's speech except that which indicated the affirmative to her request for the privilege of doing her house-cleaning.

'When do you wish me to begin?' she asked, quietly, and rose instantly and unpinned her hat when she was informed that she might begin work that very hour if she wished. Poor Jane was very anxious to get started upon her month of labor to earn back the money, and her face flushed with pleasure when she found there was to be no delay.

'Begin in the bar-room, Mrs. Hanley; everybody sees that and I want it to look nice in there. So much pleasanter for customers, you know,' she added, in her affected way.

Poor Jane winced, but wasted no words of assent or comment, but went straight at work washing windows and woodwork in the bar-room, her mind partly filled with conjecture regarding the likelihood of Jack's waking up and coming to the saloon while she was at work there. But he did not.

Night came and Jane prepared to go home and get supper for Jack.

'Before I go, I will have an understanding with Mrs. Halloran about wages,' she thought, and so she did, finding that Mrs. Dennison had not misinformed her.

'There, I have earned half a dollar,' said Jane, showing her delight in spite of herself.

'Yes, and here it is,' replied Mrs. Halloran, watching with a strange sensation, the look of eagerness with which Jack Hanley's young wife took the half dollar, the very coin he had paid her that morning for drinks for himself and a friend.

And all that evening the saloon keeper's wife went about with an air of deep thought which sat upon her shallow face unnaturally.

Jack refrained from taking his trip to the village again that day, for he felt that he must recruit himself a little in order to begin work the following Monday morning; besides, his money was all gone.

His last half-dollar (now reposing in his wife's purse) had been paid out Saturday morning, and he knew he would no longer be welcome at Halloran's.

And so, on Monday morning, Jane rose earlier than usual to get Jack started early, that she might also get to her work of house-cleaning for Mrs. Halloran.

Not one word of her engagement there had she spoken to Jack, though it was difficult in the extreme to keep a secret from him. She was resolved, however, to gain back the precious money Jack had wasted, and would run no risk of losing the privilege.

The month wore on. Jane was always on hand to wash dishes, cook, scrub and 'clean house' for Mrs. Halloran, and she some way managed to do her own work also so that Jack missed none of the comforts he had been accustomed to, and always found his trim little wife in her place waiting for him when he came from his work at night.

Mrs. Halloran, inclined at first to domineer over her scrub woman and general servant, soon found that she could not do it. She found herself sending her home early and offering her refreshments and other kindnesses, all of which were politely and gently, yet positively declined by Jane Hanley. She would work her full time, and she would have nothing in return but what was due her; that she took without demur each night.

Between her husband and herself there had never a word been spoken concerning the wasted money. Jack felt too guilty and Jane too sensitive to stir up the disgraceful affair, so with one accord they ignored it.

Jack worked steadily and so did Jane, doing a double portion and growing pale and thin under the burden to which she was so unused.

The end of the month drew near; Jane had worked twenty-six days, and at the end of the last day she was to work for Mrs. Halloran she walked wearily but triumphantly homeward, her latest earned dollar clinched tightly in her hardly calloused hand.

She looked at the sun in anxiety, poor child; it was very low and she feared she would be late home, and Jack would have to wait for his supper, which would be too bad when he had worked hard all day. Of herself she never thought, though she had not tasted a morsel since morning, and had worked harder in proportion to her strength than had her husband.

She hastened in at the gate and raised her foot to the first step that led up to the door

when all turned black before her eyes and she fell.

A few moments later Jack Hanley found his wife lying unconscious at the door of their home, and raising her in his arms carried her in and laid her upon her bed.

Something shone in her little hand, and he saw, as he gently unclasped the fingers, that it was a bright, silver dollar.

Jane opened her eyes, as he took the money, and smiled languidly.

'That makes one more, Jack, but I thought it wouldn't come amiss, we need so many things, and we must begin to save, Jack, or we will have to go to the poorhouse; but, oh, Jack, dear Jack, I'm afraid I couldn't do it again, for I'm all tired out.

She closed her eyes as if to sleep, while Jack stood by her, wondering and fearing he knew not what.

Just then Mrs. Dennison, the nearest neighbor, who had seen Jack carrying his wife into the house, came hastening without ceremony into the room, and began loosening Jane's dress and chafing her hands.

'It's turned out precisely as I knew it would, Jack Hanley, and I wonder at your meanness, I do!' she said.

Jacked turned helplessly from his unconscious wife to his evidently indignant neighbor.

'Do something for Jenny, Mrs. Dennison, for I don't know what to do, and I don't know what you mean,' he said with white, trembling lips.

Mrs. Dennison pitied the man, though she supposed he knew that his wife had been drudging for the wife of the saloon keeper, while, as every one else knew, he wasted, periodically, many dollars there at the bar which should have gone toward making his wife and home comfortable. She said not another word, but busied herself with trying remedies for poor Jane, and failing to bring her to herself, except for a brief space, sent Jack for the doctor.

Then followed a long, fierce fight against fever that threatened often to end the young life which fluttered so feebly in Jane Hanley's overworked and poorly nourished body.

Over and over till Jack was nearly [illegible] frantic she told the story of the past month, and those who were forced to listen with him to his wife's delirious ravings felt nothing but pity for him, seeing his sincere sorrow, and believing in his repentance and permanent cure.

For before witnessing neighbors, one day when the death ankel seemed hovering near, Jack Hanley dropped upon his knees, promising God that if his wife might be spared him he would never touch another drop of alcoholic drink.

When he arose to his feet there was a hush in the room, tears were upon the faces of all those who listened, and looking down upon the thin little face of his wife he saw that there was a change; she was sleeping as sweetly as a child.

That hour was the date of the beginning of her recovery, and also of the beginning of a new life for her husband that made the keeping of his pledge far easier.

Jane, in her month of hard servitude, had done far more than recover the wasted dollars; she had worked out the salvation of her husband's priceless soul.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Bob Burdette to His Son.

So you are not going to church this morning, my son?

Ah, yes; I see. The music is not good. That's a pity. That's what you go to church for, to hear the music; we demand good music on Sunday in church, no matter what we are willing to listen to elsewhere.

And the pews are not comfortable. That's too bad; the Sabbath is the day of rest, and we go to church for repose. The less we do through the week the more rest we clamor for on the Sabbath.

The church is too far away. This is indeed distressing. Sometimes when I think how much further away heaven is than the church, and that there are no conveyances on the road of any description, I wonder how some of us are going to get there.

And the sermon is so long always. All these things are, indeed, to be regretted. I would regret them more sincerely, my boy, did I not know that you will often squeeze into a stuffed street car, with a hundred other men breathing an incense of whiskey, beer and tobacco, hang to a strap by your eyelids for two miles, and then pay fifty cents for the privilege of sitting on a rough plank in the hot sun for two hours longer, while in the intervals of the game a scratch band will blow discordant thunder out of a dozen misfit horns right into your ears and come home to talk the rest of the family into a state of aural paralysis about the 'dandiest game you ever saw played on that ground.'

Ah, my boy, you see what staying away from church does. It develops a habit of lying. There isn't one man in a hundred who could go on the witness stand and give, under oath, the same reason for not going to church that he gives to his family every Sunday morning.

My son, if you don't think you ought to go, you wouldn't make any excuses for not going. No man apologizes for doing right.—Texas 'Christian Advocate.'

The Carpenter Bee.

(Charles McIlvaine, in the 'S.S. Times.')

There is more hum in one bumblebee than in all the tops of the country. Its wings move several hundred times in a second, and they go from sunrise to sunset. The true bumblebee is the handsome insect with yellow bands running around its body, which one so often sees on the roses, honeysuckles, red clover and other flowers. It makes its nest in the ground or in the hollow of a post, often in the deserted nest of a mouse. It stores its delicious honey in wax cups, as many boys know,—after hard fight for it, and bunged eyes for their trouble.

There is one bee which almost every one calls a bumblebee, that is not a bumblebee at all. This is the carpenter bee, so called because it bores holes in boards, posts, dead chestnut and cedar trees. It is the carpenter bee that one hears in the warm sunny days of spring droning outside the weather-boarding of the house, or by the slats of grape arbors, or around stable sheds. The male has a white patch on his forehead, and is familiarly known as a 'whitehead.' He does most of the humming either when staying in one spot in the air, watching his wife bore a hole with her sharp mandibles, or when blustering about in a terrible way when one makes a strike at him, or another male bee comes nearer than he willingly permits. The whitehead has no sting. The female has a sting, and knows how to use it as a defence of herself, but she will not sting unless she is caught. At least, I have never known one to do so, and I have given many a chance. The female has no white on her head, and everybody knows her as a 'blackhead.'

The black-headed female has spent the winter in some protected place; so has the white-headed male. Oftentimes they make winter homes of their old nests. Frequently, so long as it does not let in wind or rain, a pair of bees use the old boring. Before doing so, the female carefully cleans it out, and recuts the surface.

These borings are about half an inch in diameter, and from three to twelve inches long. They run straight into and across the grain of the wood for about an inch, then turn short to the right or left (up or down if in a standing post or tree.) All the work is done by sharp, hook-like mandibles, one on each side of the mouth. The inside of the hole is perfectly smooth. As it usually lies close to the surface, it aids very much in the decay of the wood. I have seen farm sheds ruined by the carpenter bee. When I was a boy on the home farm, my good father paid me one cent a dozen for blackheads. I made my first money in the carpenter-bee business.

When the hole is finished,—the 'whitehead' humming all the while outside,—the 'blackhead' collects from flowers the yellow pollen such as is plainly seen on the centres of full-blooming roses. She collects, too, honey. The pollen she carries on the brushes of hair you will find on her hind legs; the honey she swallows, and takes home in a sack as big as a pea. When she gets home she works the pollen into a waxy substance, and mixes with it the honey she gathered by emptying it out of her mouth, just as bees put honey into a comb. She has her own recipe. After she has made a mass about the size of half a hazel nut, she lays an egg alongside of it. She then walls it in by putting a partition across the hole. This is made of the bitings she has saved when boring the hole, and wax. The egg-room is about three-fourths of an inch long. Next, along the boring, she places another ball of food and another egg. She lays and walls in until from four to six egg-rooms are completed. when the death angel seemed hovering near, pupae, eat the food left for them, and grow very fast. They change their skins, and soon are full grown carpenter bees. When the lower bee is full grown it tears down the walls between itself and the next in order, and has to wait to get out until all of its younger brothers and sisters are grown up, and ready to fly with it.

In the meantime the 'whitehead' has probably died. When the wistaria is in bloom, watch it. You will find dozens of 'whiteheads' upon it, drinking from its purple cups. And, sad to say, you will find them in all stages of intoxication. They drink until they fall and die upon the ground.

Nature provides the nectar of the wistaria as one of the means to kill the old male carpenter bees. Men provide the drink to kill themselves.

And Yet a Boy.

If a boy is a lover of the Lord Jesus Christ he can't lead a prayer-meeting, or be a church officer, or a preacher, but he can be a godly boy, in a boy's way and in a boy's place. He ought not to be too solemn or too quiet for a boy. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to run, jump, play, climb and yell like a real boy. But in all he ought to show the spirit of Christ; he ought to be free from vulgarity and profanity. He

ought to eschew tobacco in every form and have a horror for intoxicating drinks. He ought to be peaceable, gentle, merciful, generous. He ought to take the part of small boys against large boys. He ought to discourage fighting. He ought to refuse to be a party to mischief, to persecution, to deceit. And above all things, he ought now and then to show his colors. He need not always be interrupting a game to say he is a Christian; but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do something because it is wrong and wicked, or because he fears God or is a Christian. He ought to take no part in the ridicule of sacred things, but meet the ridicule of others with the bold statement that for the things of God he has the deepest reverence.—'Royal Road.'

A Brave Cow.

'Usually a cow does not stand much chance when she engages in a hand-to-hand conflict with a grizzly bear,' said Michael Ayres, a Colorado stockman; 'but several years ago one of my cows killed one of those animals and came out of the struggles without a scatch. The cow had recently given birth to a calf. It being her firstborn, the mother was exceedingly vicious, and it was unsafe for a stranger to apporoach her, as her horns were long and pointed. The cattleshed had a thatched roof, and was scooped out of the hillside a short distance from the house.

'One night a bear, having smelt the presence of a cow and calf, mounted the roof of the shed and proceeded to force an entrance by scratching through the thatch. The cow at the same time detected the presence of the bear, and held herself in readiness to receive the intruder. The noise of a terrible struggle aroused me, and grabbing a lantern I rushed from the house, and opening the shed door I found the cow in a frantic state, butting and tossing to and fro some large object, which evidently had lost all power of resistance. It turned out to be a good-sized grizzly, which had been run through and through the body by the courageous mother. The little calf was nestled in a corner, sleeping peacefully, and it seemed unmindful of the maternal struggle. I suppose that as soon as the bear gained an entrance through the roof it was pinned to the ground by the cow's horns before it had time to do any damage.—Selected.

Saying and Knowing.

There is a great deal of difference between the two! Some boys and girls (especially boys)are 'too knowing by half,' and act as if we were to take off our hats to them as the cleverest people we have met. But, alas! 'all is not gold that glitters,' and when we examine them a little more closely we find that they are very ordinary persons after all.

But this is a very old habit, and by no means an 'up-to-date' invention. It existed, at any rate, as long ago as the first century, A.D., and probably dates much further back than that. We have a striking example of it in Rev. iii., 17—'Thou sayest I am rich .... and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.' What a remarkable position to be in! The people who were thus addressed were self-satisfied and self-deceived.

(1) Self-Satisfied.—They thought they had 'need of nothing.' I have met boys at school like this, who seemed to think there was no subject in earth or sky upon which they were not competent to offer an opinion; and if anyone ventured to differ from them,what scornful look he received—enough to shrivel him up! Of course, self-satisfied people are tremendous talkers; they can talk 'sixteen to the dozen.' But it is like the frothy bubble of a brook whose noise only shows how shallow it is; while the deeper the stream, the more silently it flows, for 'still waters run deep.'

The wisest man that ever lived wrote this good advice—'Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter any thing before God: for God is in heaven, and thou upon earth: therefore let thy words be few . . . a fool's voice is known by the multitude of his words' (Eccles. v., 2, 3.) 'A wise man's heart is at his right hand; a fool's heart at his left' (x., 2). 'The words of a wise man are grace (margin); but the lips of a fool will swallow up himself' (12). To which our Lord added this solemn warning:—'Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For thou shalt be condemned' (Matt. xii., 36, 37). Therefore 'let thy words be few!'

(2) But the Bible makes it very clear that self-satisfied people are self-deceived. 'Thou sayest . . . and knowest not.' They may deceive themselves, but they do not deceive other people. Still less can they deceive God who knoweth all. The most pitiable thing about these people in the church at Laodicea was that the facts were so widely different from their fancies. However bitter the truth may be, it is best to know it. What is more dangerous than for a man to think he is on a right road, when he is walking in the dark along one that leads to a precipice? Yet that is the sort of danger that threatens the boaster, for 'pride goeth before a fall.'

Such a person is a peril to himself and a nuisance to everybody else. No man is so wise as when he realizes how ignorant he is; and King Saul never scaled so high the mount of wisdom, or was so near to the Kingdom of God, as on the day that he said: 'Behold I have played the fool, and have erred exceedingly' (I. Sam. xxvi., 21).

(3) All this folly arises from self, and if we want to be cured of it we must look away from self to God. What the Lord said to Laodicea was: 'I counsel thee to buy of me.' Counsel—that means advice. Now young people sometimes are wilful, and advice is the very thing they will not take kindly, although it is what they need most of all. The very reason why I strive to give you advice is because I was a boy myself the other day, and can see now a good many things that I did not see a few years ago—chiefly because I did not want to see them. But my advice might not always be right; that is why I encourage you to 'search the Scriptures,' that you may know what the counsel of God is.

Shall my appeal—and His—be in vain? 'The Christian.'

The Mission to the Streets.

When Margaret Andrews was twenty-five she received what she thought was a call to the foreign mission field. Her parents, although at first they tried to dissuade her, put no obstacle in the way of her hopes, and, full of eagerness, she began her training at a school in another city.

One day she received a telegram. Her mother had met with an accident, just how serious could not at once be known. Margaret packed her books and took the first train home, expecting to return. Before a few weeks passed she knew that her dream must be given up. Her mother would never be able to do anything again, and Margaret, instead of making her journey to strange lands, saw herself shut in to the duties of housekeeper and nurse.

For a year or two she bore her disappointment in silence; then she went to her pastor with it. The pastor was an old man, who had known Margaret all her life. He looked at her steadily for a moment. Then he said to her slowly. 'You are living in a city of two hundred thousand people. Isn't there need enough about you to fill your life?'

'Oh, yes,' the girl answered quickly, 'and I could give up the foreign field. It isn't that. But I haven't time to do anything, not even to take a mission class; and to see so much work waiting, and be able to do nothing'—

'Margaret,' the old minister said, 'come here.'

Wonderingly the girl followed him to the next room, where a mirror hung between the windows. Her reflection, pale and unhappy, faced her wearily.

'All up and down the streets,' the old minister said, 'in the cars, the markets, the stores, there are people starving for the bread of life. The church cannot reach them; they will not enter a church. Books cannot help them; many of them never opened a book. There is but one way that they can ever read the gospel of hope, of joy, of courage, and that is in the faces of men and women.

'Two years ago a woman who has known deep trouble came to me one day, and asked your name. "I wanted to tell her," she said, "how much good her happy face did me, but I was afraid that she would think it presuming on the part of an utter stranger. Some day perhaps you will tell her for me."

'Margaret, my child, look in the glass and tell me if the face you see there has anything to give to the souls that are hungry for joy,—and they are more than any of us realize,—who, unknown to themselves, are hungering for righteousness. Do you think that woman, if she were to meet you now, would say what she said two years ago?'

The girl gave one glance and then turned away, her cheeks crimson with shame. It was hard to answer, but she was not a coward. She looked up into her old friend's grave eyes.

'Thank you,' she said. 'I will try to learn my lesson and accept my mission—to the streets.'—'Youth's Companion.'

The Best Books.

There are so many good, old books that have stood the test of ages that we do not need to spend much time in youth in sampling the doubtful books.

'But the old books, the old books, the mother loves them best;
They leave no bitter taste behind to haunt the youthful breast;
They bid us hope, they bid us fill our hearts with visions fair;
They do not paralyze the will with problems of despair.
And as they lift from sloth and sense to follow loftier pains,
And stir the blood of indolence to bubble in the veins:
Inheritors of mighty things, who own a lineage high,
We feel within us budding wings that long to reach the sky:
To rise above the commonplace, and through the cloud to soar,
And join the loftier company of grander souls of yore.
Then as she reads each magic scene, the firelight burning low,
How flush the cheeks! how quick, how keen, the heart-beats come and go!
The mother's voice is soft and sweet, the mother's look is kind,
But she has tones that cause to beat all passions of the mind;
And Alice weeps, and Jack inspired rides forth a hero bold;
So master passions, early fired, burn on when life is cold.'—'The Spectator.'

Louis Agassiz.

(Hope Daring in 'Michigan Christian Advocate.'

This man was one of the most distinguished of modern naturalists. He was animated by a lofty purpose, believing his work to have been given him by God. Of it he says: 'The study of nature is a mental struggle for the mastery of the external world. It is truly a struggle of man for an intellectual assimilation of the thought of God.'

Agassiz was of Swiss parentage. He was born in the Canton de Vaud, Switzerland, in 1807. The baptismal name given him was Louis Jean Rudolph.

Of the great naturalist's school days little is known. Very early in life he was interested in natural history. After completing the course of study in the common school, he studied at Zurich, Heidelberg and Munich. It was while he was a student at this last named place that he became interested in ichthyology.

For several years he gave himself to this study. A few valuable books were published by him. He visited various parts of continental Europe and made a number of trips to England.

Agassiz lived simply. He had a hearty dislike of ostentation. The many titles bestowed upon him by universities and learned societies were never used. The title pages of his great books bore only the inscription, 'Louis Agassiz.'

He was still a young man when two important events changed the outward course of his life. One of these was the publication of his two books, 'Glaciers,' and 'The System of Glaciers.' The second was his removal to the United States. He accepted a professorship at Harvard college.

The publication of these books had been preceded by years of preparation. A great book is not produced without great effort. A full explanation of Agassiz's theory would occupy too much space. To state it briefly, he differed with nearly all geologists in his belief concerning the formation and distribution of glaciers.

Agassiz started out to prove his position. How? Not by reading books and accepting theories at second hand. He studied glaciers and their surroundings. For nine summers he spent his vacation time in the Alps. One season for seventy-one consecutive nights he slept upon the ice with only the stars above him. He was studying nature.

It is interesting to note how carefully he sought for verification of his belief. Burroughs says a student of nature must be able 'to take a hint.' Agassiz would do that. Would you or I have noticed this? In establishing the point that the pebbles under consideration were brought to their present position by ice rather than by water, he says: 'Ice acts like a plane; water wears into ruts. When ice moves over a surface it will be rolled, rubbed, polished. Scatches will be made by ice but not by water. These pebbles are not only polished but also scratched.'

It was not easy to convince the scientists who held different views. Indeed the controversy was so spirited that for a time there was a coldness between Agassiz and his valued friend, Leopold von Buch, the geologist. Gradually, however, all students came to see the reasonableness of the author's claims, and the honor due him was given in abundance.

Agassiz was much esteemed in our country. He continued to publish scientific works. As a teacher his methods were in advance of the age. He had no patience with recitation by rote from text-books. In studying natural history he discouraged the use of books as much as possible.' His leading purpose was to secure and stimulate personal observation. His own words are: 'Not by a superficial familiarity with many things, but a thorough knowledge of a few things does anyone grow in mental strength and vigor.'

Two personal traits of the great man are worthy of special mention. These are his sincere religious nature, and his unselfishness. When urged to use his vast store of knowledge to enrich himself, Agassiz replied, 'I cannot afford to waste my time in making money.'

The remainder of his life was spent in this country. For several years he was a lecturer at Cornell. In 1871 he took charge of the dredging operations undertaken by the government for the investigations of the gulf stream. His death occurred two years later at the age of sixty-six. The volumes he left are valuable additions to the world's knowledge.

Lester's Upside-down Pocket

(Julia Darrow Cowles, in the 'S.S. Times.')

'Now, Lester, don't forget that you are to take the rhubarb to Mrs. Smith,' said mamma, 'and then go to the post-office with the letters. After that you may go to Bert's, and play until five o'clock.'

'All right,' answered Lester, and off he went whistling merrily.

Lester never meant to be disobedient, but he was continually thinking that some other way was just as well, or would make no difference; and now, as he reached the corner of the street, he decided that he would go to the post-office first, then past Tommie's, and get him to walk over to Mrs. Smith's with him, and go to Bert's, where they three would have a nice game of duck-on-the-rock.

He mailed the letters, but found that Tommie could not go away, and as Tommie teased him to stay there, he concluded it wouldn't make any difference to mamma whether he played at Tommie's or Bert's, and he could leave the rhubarb with Mr. Smith on his way home.

So he stayed, and he and Tommie had so much fun that the first thing he knew it was half-past five. My, how he did run then! He thought that Mrs. Smith looked rather annoyed when he gave her the rhubarb, but he hurried off again as fast as his legs could go.

Just before supper a neighbor called to see if she could buy some rhubarb.

'I saw Lester have some just now,' she said, 'and he told me he was going to take it to Mrs. Smith.'

That evening Lester brought his coat to his mamma.

'I do wish I could have an inside pocket put in it,' he said, 'to carry the little note-book that papa gave me.'

Mamma knew how much Lester prized his nice note-book, and how well he enjoyed making a note of this and that in it, as he had seen papa do in his. So she took his coat, and said thoughtfully, 'Yes, I will put a pocket in it for you.'

Lester went off to bed feeling very happy over his note-book pocket, but wondering that mamma had said nothing to him about coming home so late.

In the morning Lester was busy with the small tasks which he was expected to perform each day before starting for school, and at the last moment he slipped on his coat, threw it open, and discovered the pocket neatly in place, then picked up his cherished note-book, and ran out of the house. As he ran he tried to slip the note-book into the pocket, but he could not get it in. After several unsuccessful attempts he stopped, opened his coat, and, taking both hands, started to put the book in, when he made a queer discovery,—the pocket was on upside-down, with the opening at the bottom. At first he was vexed. 'Dear me!' he said to himself, 'now I can't use it, after all.' Then in another moment he burst out laughing. 'I've got a good joke on mamma. Won't I tease her when I get home!' And he ran on to school.

At noon he came to mamma the first thing with a very quizzical look upon his face. 'Mamma,' he said, 'you sewed my pocket on wrong side up!'

Mrs. Johnson did not look at all surprised. She merely said, 'Yes, I know. I sewed it that way on purpose.'

It was Lester's turn to look surprised.

'Isn't it "just as well" that way?' she added.

'Just as well!' he exclaimed too much astonished to be polite. 'You don't think I can keep a book in that way,—do you?'

'Well,' replied his mother, 'it's a pocket, and I sewed it on three sides. What difference does it make which three?'

Lester's face was a study. He really seemed to think that his mother had in some way lost her reason.

'I did it, Lester,' she went on, 'just as you do things for me. I tell you what I want you to do for me, and the way I want it done. You do it, but you do it in just the opposite way from what I tell you to; in other words, you turn it upside-down.'

Lester still looked surprised, but he began to be interested too.

'Yesterday,' his mamma went on, 'I told you to go to Mrs. Smith's first, then to the post-office, then to Bert's to play till five o'clock. Instead of that you went to the post-office first, then to Tommie's to play, and last of all to Mrs. Smith's. Now you did not see, probably, what difference it would make, but Mrs. Smith was in a special hurry for the rhubarb, as she wanted to get her sauce made in time to take a dishful to Mrs. Foster, who is sick, and who wanted some very badly. You got there so late that the sauce could not be made that day at all. Tommie could not leave home because his sister has measles, but he did not tell you that, and now you are likely to have them too.'

Lester began to look sober enough as his mamma went on.

'Last Saturday I sent you with two pails of milk, but you did not think it important to notice what I told you, and you took the sour milk to Mrs. Foster, who wanted milk for baby, and sweet milk to Aunt Laura, who wanted to make Johnnie cake and needed the sour milk.'

Lester kept his eyes on the floor. He was beginning to feel very much ashamed of what he had before called simply 'mistakes.'

'Now,' said mamma, 'all these things are just as annoying to me as it was to you to find your pocket was put on up-side-down; besides which, they are actually wrong, and are causing you to form a very bad habit.'

'I'm really sorry, mamma,' Lester exclaimed.

'Then as soon as you are ready to agree to try to do all that I tell you in just the way that I tell you, and not in some other way that you think will do just as well, I will agree to rip off the pocket and put it on right side up.'

'I will, mamma, I'll promise now,' said Lester soberly and earnestly.

When he went to school in the afternoon his pocket held the little note-book safely, and underneath the pocket was hidden away a lasting resolve to do things as mamma told him to, and not to think some other way was just as well, and so turn them up-side-down.

Making Money for God.

The Hon. Alpheus Hardy, the princely benefactor of countless good causes, who educated the great Japanese Christian, Dr. Joseph Hardy Nesima, once told the following thrilling story of his experiences to the Psi Upsilon society at Amherst college, of which he had just been made an honorary member.

'I am not a college man, and it was the bitter disappointment of my life that I could not be one. I wanted to go to college and become a minister; went to Phillips academy to fit. My health broke down, and, in spite of my determined hope of being able to go on, at last the truth was forced upon me that I could not.

'To tell my disappointment is impossible. Is seemed as if all my hope and purpose in life were defeated. "I cannot be God's minister," was the sentence that kept rolling through my mind.

When that fact at last became certain to me one morning—alone in my room—my distress was so great that I threw myself flat on the floor. The voiceless cry of my soul was: "Oh, God, I cannot be thy minister!" Then there came to me as I lay, a vision, a new hope, a perception that I could serve God in business with the same devotion as in preaching, and that to make money for God might be my sacred calling. The vision of this service and its nature as a sacred ministry were so clear and joyous that I rose to my feet, and with new hope in my heart exclaimed aloud: 'Oh God, I can be thy minister! I will go back to Boston. I will make money for God, and that shall be my ministry."

'From that time I have felt myself as much appointed and ordained to make money for God as if I had been permitted to carry out my own plan and had been ordained to preach the gospel. I am God's man, and the ministry to which God has called me is to make and administer money for him, and I consider myself responsible to discharge this ministry and to give an account to him.—'Michigan 'Christian Advocate.'

How a Young Girl Wrote a Famous Hymn.

More than half a century ago a young girl was preparing for a grand ball to be given in her native town. Full of gay anticipation, she started out one day to her dressmaker, to have a fine dress fitted for the occasion. On her way she met her pastor, an earnest, faithful man, and in the greetings that passed between them he learned her errand. He reasoned and expostulated, and finally pleaded with her to stay away from the ball. Greatly vexed, she answered, 'I wish you would mind your own business!' and went on her wayward course.

In due time the ball came off; and this young girl was the gayest of the gay. She was flattered and caressed; but, after dancing all night, laying her weary head on her pillow only with returning light, she was far from happy. In all the pleasures there had been a thorn, and now conscience made her wretched. The pastor had always been a loving, cherished friend, and her rudeness to him rankled in her breast. More than all, the truth of his words came to her heart, and would give her no rest. After three days of misery, during which life grew almost insupportable, she went to the minister with her trouble, saying:

'For three days I have been the most wretched girl in the world, and now, oh that I were a Christian! I want to be happy. What must I do?'

We need not be told that the pastor freely forgave her for her rudeness to himself, nor that he joyfully directed her to the true source of peace.

'Just give yourself, my child, to the Lamb of God, just as you are.'

This was a new Gospel to her; she had never comprehended it before.

'What! Just as I am?' sh asked. 'Do you know that I am one of the worst sinners in the world? How can God accept me just as I am?'

'That is exactly what you must believe,' was the answer. 'You must come to him just as you are.'

The young girl felt overwhelmed as the simple truth took possession of her mind. She went to her room, knelt down, and offered God her heart, guilty and vile as it was, to be cleansed and made fit for his own indwelling. As she knelt, peace—full, overflowing—filled her soul. Inspired by the new and rapturous experience, she then and there wrote the hymn beginning:

'Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.'

Little did Charlotte Elliot think of fame, or of the immortality of the words she had written. It was simply putting her own heart on paper; and, therefore, the hymn, born of a mysterious experience, appeals to other hearts needing the cleansing power of the blood of the Lamb.

Charlotte was possessed of literary gifts, and when the editor of the 'Literary Remembrancer' died, she took charge. In making up her first number, she inserted several of her own poems anonymously; among them was 'Just as I Am.' It immediately attracted attention, and was widely copied, and passed into the hymnology of the Christian Church.—'Christian Globe.'

The Dog Adrift.

A German oil-tank steamer was wrecked some time ago. The crew for several days drifted about, flying flags of distress above them. When they were seen by a passing steamer, all the crew were taken from the boat except the big Newfoundland dog, who seemed as much a part of the crew as the men, but the small boat could not take the dog. When the crew were rescued, it was thought that the barque would sink at any moment and the dog go down with it. The last that was seen of him he stood on the bow of the boat, the highest point out of the water, with his fore paws on the rail and howling dismally. The poor sailors felt very unhappy about leaving him, but there was no choice. The signals of distress were still flying and the waterlogged vessel was in the path of vessels bound for New York. The sailors were taken aboard of the steamer that rescued them, still looking toward their old friend on the sinking boat.

Before night another steamer came in sight and the dog barked and barked with all his might. The captain of the steamer saw the signals of distress and turned down toward the barque. This time the captain went round and round the sinking ship, blowing his whistles for some sign of life, but the only thing in sight was the big black dog, who kept prancing up and down and barking with all his might. The captain decided to rescue the dog. A boat was lowered and a mate and several of the men started for the animal. He seemed to know what was meant. The mate went on board where he examined the boat as well as he could, and saw that the only thing alive on it was the dog, which jumped about him with so much delight as to seriously embarrass his movements. He went back to his boat and called the dog after him. The dog gladly followed and after he was safely in the boat the mate set fire to the vessel, for it was dangerous to leave it in the position in which he had found it. It is quite possible that the dog and some of the crew will again meet.—'North-Western Christian Advocate.'

Bad Company.

We do not need to join in the low conduct of bad associates to get harm from their company. There is harm in listening to them, in seeing them do wrong.

A boy came to breakfast one morning with a badly swollen face.

'You have had hold of dog wood,' said his father.

'I have not put my hand to anything, that I know of,' said the poor fellow. 'What does dogwood look like?'

'At this season you can tell it by its red berries. Have you noticed bushes with red berries lately?'

'Why, yes; I walked along a path through the woods yesterday where red berries grew, but did not touch one of them.'

They poisoned you while you were where they grew. The air around them is full of poison.

Bad company is like those poisonous trees.—Selected.

How Nora Crena Saved Her Own.

(L. T. Meade, in the 'Sunday Magazine.')

CHAPTER II.

(Continued.)

As they walked back to the little village, more than half a mile away, neither rescuer nor the rescued spoke; indeed, the nearly drowned man had no strength left for words. He found it almost impossible to walk, and reserved his fast-failing energies for this necessary exercise.

When at last they neared the little cabin Nora danced from his side, flew in, and up to her mother's side.

Oh, mother, mother! I've saved a man me own self! I have indeed!'

CHAPTER III.

The man whom Nora had saved from the wreck of the 'New York' was an American by birth. He had made a large fortune in his native country, and was on his way to England to spend it. All he possessed was on board the ill-fated 'New York,' and he now found himself in the cabin of the O'Neales absolutely penniless, poorer even than his own peasant entertainers. He had, however, escaped with his life, whereas all his companions were dead. For many days after his escape he could think of nothing but the wonderful deliverance that had been granted to him. Indeed, for a time he was too weak and ill to be able to give many thoughts to his altered worldly prospects. His violent efforts on that dreadful night, and his long immersion in the sea, had brought on low fever, and it was a week and more before he was well enough to rise from the rude bed where Mrs. O'Neale had placed him. During this time he had many visitors, not only among the poor inhabitants of Armeskillig, but also from the richer people of the place. One and all of these better-off people wanted to serve him, and one and all offered to take him in, and make him more comfortable than he could be at Mrs. O'Neale's. Hudson, however—for that was his name—had taken a fancy to kind

little Nora, and preferred staying with her and her people in their very humble abode. At the end of a week he grew better, and he and Nora took many walks together, and learned to know a great deal about each other. Nora chattered away in her broken English, and Hudson found her innocent talk a pleasant diversion from his own anxious thoughts. For with renewed health the altered state of his worldly prospects could not but puzzle the man. He had not a farthing in the world, and when he left the O'Neales he had nothing before him in this strange land but beggary. Hudson was a good man, one who feared God, and who in all his business transactions never forgot the Master whom he would serve, and the Judge who would one day ask him to give an account of his stewardship. His faith in his Heavenly Father did not forsake him now, but there is no doubt as he walked with little Nora on the beautiful wild sea-coast that faith was often sorely tried.

One day his thoughts were too sad to allow him even to notice the child's ceaseless prattle.

'What's ailing ye?' she asked, when the silence had become oppressive.

'I am very rude, Nora,' said Hudson. 'But the fact is I am a good deal troubled.'

Nora's blue eyes were opened very wide at this.

'Yer not,' she said; 'ain't yer a jintlemen? Why, me mothers says as yer rale quality, and I thought as it was only us poor folks as had any call to be troubled.'

'You are quite right, Nora; poor folks are troubled, and I am very poor; I am poorer than your good father and mother. I have no money at all.'

'Faith,' said Nora, 'ain't there the bite, and the sup, and the welcome for ye always wid us? Ye have no call to need money.'

'Thank you from my whole heart, my dear little girl; but I cannot stay always here. Yes, the want of money is a very serious trouble,' continued Hudson, again relapsing into deep silence.

'Pray to the Vargin,' continued Nora. 'I'm tauld that she's moighty kind-hearted.'

Hudson took her hand.

'Yes, my dear little girl, the Virgin is kind-hearted, but she cannot hear me. I will pray to the Virgin's dear Son—to our Lord Jesus Christ. He is kinder, and he can hear all our prayers.'

Nora did not understand. But after this talk she became grave and thoughtful. She did not like her man whom she had saved from the sea to be troubled, and as she told her beads night and morning, she always added a petition to the kind 'Vargin,' whom she still believed in, to give him a little money.

One day she was sitting alone by the hedge, thinking, as she always thought now, of Hudson. As she sat thus a rich gentleman, who lived in the neighborhood, rode by. When he saw Nora he pulled up his horse. Unknown to herself little Nora had become a sort of heroine, for it was well known all over the country that the little child had been the direct means of saving the only individual who had been rescued from the unhappy 'New York.'

'Well, Nora,' said the gentleman, 'and how is your hero? How is Hudson?'

'Thank yer honor kindly, but he's onasy enough,' replied Nora, sliding from the hedge as she spoke and dropping a profound curtsey.

'Uneasy? I am sorry to hear that. Poor gentleman, is he not well?'

'Begging yer honor's pardon, but he ain't a jintleman; he's jist a poor body. He's as poor as father and mother and me.'

'You are not poor, Nora; you are too pretty. And so the poor fellow lost his all in the wreck; I heard a rumor that it was so. I suppose he would like a little more money, Nora?'

'Ain't he praying for it day and night!' said Nora, clasping her hands.

At this remark the gentleman smiled and rode away.

But the interview bore fruit, for the next day this very same gentleman had another interview, not only with Nora but with Hudson himself. The further result of this was, that a few days later on—the very day before Hudson had made up his mind that he must, penniless as he was, leave the O'Neales—two or three of the richest gentlemen of the neighborhood sent for Nora and put a purse of gold into her hand for her hero, the man whom she had saved from the sea.

With what delight Nora gave this same purse to Hudson it needs no words to tell.

'Nora Crena,' he said, as, just before he left, he lifted her into his arms, 'do you know that you have saved me in a double sense?'

'What's Crena?' asked Nora in reply to this.

'There's a song written about a girl called "Nora Crena," and you are she. Some day, my Nora Crena, I may be able to show you that I am not ungrateful to you and yours for all you have done for me.'

CHAPTER IV.

But the wreck of the 'New York,' fearful as it was, bore some good fruit. Such wholesale destruction of life could not but call forth general and public attention. Very shortly afterwards a lighthouse was built, and from that moment the dangerous coast ceased to be dangerous. The 'New York' was the last vessel wrecked there. Years passed, and the dead rested undisturbed in their graves; the stranger pursued his solitary way, and the inhabitants of Armeskillig had ceased to remember either the great wreck or the man whom Nora had saved. Years passed, bringing other troubles to the poor people of Armeskillig, and even Nora forgot Hudson. From a pretty child she had grown up into a lovely girl. The belle and the pride of the simple place was Nora O'Neale. At the wakes and the weddings no girl was more admired, and she might have married more than one rich farmer had she pleased. Her old father and mother would have liked her to do so; but Nora's warm heart and high spirit caused her to prefer her true love, Mike O'Sullivan, a fisher-lad as handsome and as poor as herself. When she was seventeen they were married, and went to live in another little mud cabin close to the old people. She and her Mike were indeed very poor; they had almost empty purses. 'But what matter,' they both said, 'when their hearts were so full of love?' Yes, the first few years of Nora's married life were happy; but dark times must come to all, and they came to this peasant-girl and to her people.

The famine of '47 and '48 fell, perhaps, more heavily on the southern coast than on any other part of the country. Through these dark times of starvation, fever, death, Nora and her husband and one little child had to pass. They had, it is true, been accustomed to privations all their lives, but now they began to learn what hunger, unsatisfied hunger, meant. The potato crop failed utterly. The nice large stack of peat—or turf, as it was called—no longer stood at the back of the little cabin. Added to this, the winter of this dark year set in with unusual severity; snow and sleet even visited this usually warm southern shore. The poor people had no fires to warm themselves by, and no food to keep out the cold. One by one the children died and the old people, and only the strong and those in the full prime of youth remained. Relief was given by the richer neighbors. Not one in this dark time remained selfish; not one lived who did not practise the strictest self-denial; but at last the supply of food failed, and it could not even be bought for money.

Nora's father and mother, a wonderfully hale old pair, had managed to exist on almost nothing, and to endure, without drooping, the most severe cold. But one day early in January the old man was overtaken in a field, where he was in vain digging for roots to satisfy his terrible hunger, by a snowstorm; he returned to his cabin wet to the skin, and the next day was dead.

The nearest neighbors ran to tell Nora.

'Yer father is dead and yer mother is dying,' they said.

Nora had been dividing the last of the Indian meal with which they had been supplied with her child. The little child, satisfied, had dropped to sleep. Nora was about to taste her own small portion; at the neighbor's words, however, she wrapped the little yellow bowl with its meagre contents into her cloak, stooped down to kiss her sleeping child, and ran swiftly to the little cabin to her dying mother.

'Here, mother, agra,' she whispered, 'for the love of Heaven take a bite of this good male; it'll put some strength inter yer.'

But the dying woman had no hunger left in the pathetic eyes she raised to her own pretty daughter's face.

'Ate it yerself wisha, darlin',' she said. 'I don't want no more mate. Yer father's gone, Nora. He jist come home wet thro', and he never spake, except once to say, "Never mind, Biddie, the hunger'ull soon bring us together;" and then he died as easy as a babe; and I'm going to him, Nora. But it isn't the hunger, for bite nor sup now could not I ate for nobody; my throat's all closed up like.'

'A drop of wather then, mother,' said the daughter, who knew this sign of dying from starvation. 'A drop of wather for the love of the Vargin, mother.'

'No, no, child; nothing as 'ull kape me from my old man! No, Norry. I know I'm going to-night. Oh, musha, musha! itsn't it a black, black year? Us dying off with never a priest, nor the holy wather, nor a brass farthing to say a poor mass for our souls in the fires of purgathery afterwards.'

The poor woman began to moan and sob most piteously, and Nora tried to comfort her by every loving word she could think of.

'Look her, mother, agra,' she said, 'I promise yer faithful that if ever the blessed Vargin gives us back the maley potatoes, and the good bit of turf, and the old plenty, I promise ye, mother, that if so be as Mike and me and the child is alive—any of us, or all of us—why, mother, we'll never let more than what 'ull jest kape life in us pass our lips until we gets you and my father out of the fires of purgatory. I promise you that true and faithful, mother.'

'You promise me that true and faithful,' repeated the poor woman, 'with the very first money you come by, Nora, agra?'

'Yes, yes, mother; the very first. You rest asy.'

'But it's a long, long way off,' said the poor dying woman, 'and it don't satisfy much like.' And, stretching out feeble hands of longing towards some better Mediator between God and her sins than the priest's masses, she died

(To be continued.)

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting eighty cents for two new subscriptions.

A Winter Riddle.

(Carolyn S. Bailey, in 'New England Homestead.')

He loves a snowy garden,
He really likes the cold,
He doesn't mind a snowball,
So brave is he, and bold.
He wears an ermine ulster
With buttons made of jet;
His gun is on his shoulder;
A soldier he, and yet—
There's something makes him tremble,
There's something makes him cry,
A little dancing sunbeam
From out a winter sky.

The Reason

Grandma Gruff said a curious thing,
'Boys may whistle, but girls must sing.'
That's the very thing I heard her say
No longer ago than yesterday.
'Boys may whistle.' Of course they may,
If they pucker their lips the proper way;
But for the life of me I can't see
Why Kate can't whistle as well as me.
'Boys may whistle, but girls must sing;'
Now I call that a curious thing.
If boys can whistle, why can't girls, too?
It's the easiest thing in the world to do.
So if boys can whistle, and do it well,
Why cannot girls—will somebody tell?
Why can't they do what a boy can do?
That is the thing I should like to know.
I went to father and asked him why
Girls couldn't whistle as well as I,
And he said, 'The reason that girls must sing
Is because a girl's a sing-ular thing.'
And grandma laughed till I knew she'd ache,
'When I said I thought it all a mistake.
'Never mind, little man,' I heard her say,
'They will make you whistle enough some day.'
—'New Orleans Picayune.'

Coals of Fire.

(F. M. Wells, in 'Cottager and Artisan.')

They say Bill Price is turned out of his house, seein' as how he h'aint paid his rent. And they tell me his wife and children would have had no place to lay their heads if Tom Hales had not come along and give 'em all a night's shelter.'

'You mean to tell me Tom Hales has done that!'

'YOU MEAN TO TELL ME TOM HALES HAS DONE THAT!'

'Yes, mate; if it had been me, I would ha' seen Bill Price and his family a dyin' of starvation before I would have crossed the road to help them.'

'I should like to know what was in his mind to make him do it. He must have a very tender conscience.'

From Tom Hales, however, his friends were never likely to hear what had prompted him to hold out a helping hand to one who for no reason had always been his enemy.

But the truth was this: Tom Hales had heard the news that Bill was to be turned out of his house, and, as he was returning home, he saw Bill moving out the few shabby bits of furniture that belonged to him. He noticed that Bill was looking sullen, the poor wife miserable, and the four children cold and hungry. Tom knew his enemy had been out of work for six or seven weeks, but he was horrified to see the children's pinched, starved looks.

For many years Tom had read his Bible and gone to Church. Now the time had come when he must show if he were a Christian in deed, or only in word.

'Bill, I'm thinking me and my missus could put you up for the night, and to-morrow you can look round and see what is best to do.'

'Do you know who you are a-speakin' to?' the other said after a long pause, and bitterly enough. 'It's me, Bill Price, who have always maintained as how you're a hypocrite, and who can't abide hypocrites.'

'I mean what I said,' Tom Hales answered quietly.

The sullen look suddenly vanished from Bill Price's face.

'Then I be altogether wrong, Tom; altogether wrong. I ask your forgiveness, if you'll give it to such as me.'

'Ay, and I will,' Tom said heartily, 'only you must all come along o' me.'

Tom lifted one weak hungry little one into his arms, and as Bill saw it a tear stole down his rough weather-beaten cheek.

It was a strange evening for them all: Tom and his wife doing what they could for the comfort of their unexpected visitors; and Bill and his wife receiving it all with undisguised and heartfelt gratitude and astonishment.

'Ye have done it unto the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.' Again, and yet again, the words came back to Tom Hales that night. Humbly and reverently he knelt in prayer.

'God, I thank Thee that Thou hast sent me this opportunity to do this for Thee; that Thou hast so honored me that in helping these I am helping Thee.'

How He Came to Believe in Foreign Missions.

There was once a boy who didn't believe in Foreign Missions. He said, 'What is the good of hunting up folks to tell them about things they ought to find out for themselves?'

'O Alfred!' replied his sister, 'how selfish of you! How is one to know if he is not told? How are these poor people, the heathen, to find out about the good things that are theirs if the news is not carried to them?'

'Oh, leave 'em alone! They'll find out, I warrant. It's none of our business to be bothering about them.'

One day, not long after this conversation, Uncle Walter came. Now, Uncle Walter's coming was always hailed with much joy by the young people, for he was not only one of the dearest and sweetest uncles in all the world, but he always remembered to bring his nephews and nieces many nice things. This was a part especially interesting to Alfred, for he had what boys call a 'very sweet tooth.' He was usually the first to see and greet his uncle. But this time when Uncle Walter came, Alfred was upstairs, deep in the pages of a fascinating book, and what do you think?—they let him stay there! For, do you see, there wasn't anyone inclined just then to go and do a little foreign mission work. The truth is, those sisters and that brother of his had banded together to teach master Alfred a lesson. Uncle Walter, too, was let into the plan. So the news of the uncle's coming didn't spread beyond the room he had entered until all the good things were eaten.

You should have seen Alfred's face when he found his uncle had been there and no one had come to tell him.

'What's the good of hunting up folks to tell them things they ought to find out for themselves?' his sister asked, with so good a mimic of Alfred that he grew red in the face, yes, quite up to the roots of his hair. Then he got thoroughly ashamed of his selfishness, and had the manliness to say so.

But, best of all, it was barely a month ere Alfred was a member of the Missionary Society, and a real one. He was heard more than once to declare that, in his 'humble opinion,' foreign missions was one of the best things he knew. And the earnestness of his eyes showed that he meant it.—'Mission Dayspring.'

Billy Pike's Lesson.

When Agnes went into the dining-room the morning of her eighth birthday she found among her other presents on the table, a small glass tank nearly filled with water. And in it a handsome young pike was swimming about among the shells and stones.

Agnes was more pleased with this present than with any of the others. She had never had an aquarium before, and here was a real live fish that she could watch and feed. She named him Billy Pike.

After a time she began to fear that Billy Pike was lonesome, so she asked Uncle Tom to get her some more fish. The next morning he brought home three minnows.

But he had no sooner put them in the water than greedy Billy Pike swallowed them, so swiftly that neither Agnes nor Uncle Tom could save them.

Poor Agnes cried, but her uncle said, 'Never mind, you shall have some more fish.'

'But Billy Pike'll eat 'em all up,' said Agnes, sorrowfully.

'No, he won't,' answered Uncle Tom; 'I'll see to that.'

The next day he brought home six pretty little minnows in a two-quart glass can.

'Let's keep 'em in the can. If you put 'em in the 'quarium, I just know Billy Pike'll kill 'em. He doesn't mean to be cruel, it's jus' his way,' she sighed.

But Uncle Tom had a different plan; he meant to teach Billy Pike a lesson. So he fitted a pane of glass from side to side in the centre of the aquarium, dividing it into two rooms. In one room was Billy Pike. Into the other he put the six minnows.

When Billy saw the tiny fish, he started quickly toward them, but he struck his gills on the glass partition, and found that he could not reach them. Again and again he swam after them, and often he struck so hard that he would lie on his back for a long time afterwards, as if he were dead.

For several months Billy Pike kept up his efforts to catch his little neighbors, but after a time his attacks became less frequent, and finally he seemed to have forgotten all about the minnows.

One afternoon when Agnes came home from school, she found that Uncle Tom had taken the pane of glass out of the tank, and that Billy Pike and the six minnows were swimming about together.

Billy often swam toward the other fish, but he would always stop at a respectful distance of about an inch, and he never again attempted to harm them. He would share the meat that Agnes threw into the aquarium, and seemed completely cured of his taste for fish.

After a while Uncle Tom brought home two more minnows and put them in the water, and in less than a minute Billy Pike had swallowed both of them! But he never offered to touch the six minnows that he had been taught to respect, and they lived peacefully together—a happy family in the pretty glass home by the sunny south window.

Billy Pike was a really truly fish, and so were the six little minnows that he lived with, and the other poor little minnows that he swallowed. Which shows that even a fish can be taught to avoid temptation, sometimes.—Bessie R. Hoover, in 'Morning Star.'

LESSON IV.—JANUARY 22.

The First Miracle in Cana.

John ii., 1-11.

Golden Text.

Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it. John ii., 5.

Home Readings.

Monday, Jan. 16.—John ii., 1-11.

Tuesday, Jan. 17.—John ii., 18-25.

Wednesday, Jan. 18.—John x., 31-40.

Thursday, Jan 19.—Luke ix., 49-56.

Friday, Jan. 20.—Ps. cxi., 1-10.

Saturday, Jan. 21.—John v., 30-39.

Sunday, Jan. 22.—Heb. ii., 1-10.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

Arriving at Nazareth with his five lately called disciples, Jesus found an invitation awaiting him to attend the marriage to which his mother had already hastened on. A ten-mile extra walk across the wide and fertile plain brought the little company to Cana. As they entered the festive home of the bridegroom, six great flagons, beaded with moisture and their orifices crammed with fresh leaves, greeted them in the vestibule. The last water was drawn from these capacious jars to cleanse hands and feet of these late arrivals. The size, number and material of those flagons was graven on John's memory by what afterward transpired.

The ablutions over, Jesus and his disciples entered the humble banquet-room. There the male guests were disposed according to their fancy on mats about the floor. Jesus' presence was no dash of sadness to that festal hour. The riddle-guessing and story-telling incident to such occasions went right on. The Master came not to mar, but to adorn and to beautify that marriage-feast. A moment later Jesus himself was reclining; and, perhaps for the first time, the favored disciple in whom his human soul delighted was leaning in his bosom. The symposiarch continued to rule the feast. The happy bridegroom, adorned and anointed, surrounded by the 'sons of the bride-chamber,' was still the centre of attraction.

From the festal-room, where the women congregated, and where the bride, covered from head to foot in her loose and flowing veil, garlanded with flowers and dressed in her fairest robes, was the observed of all—Mary came to whisper in her Son's ear that the store of wine had failed, an event considered peculiarly humiliating in an Oriental home.

Jesus' reply to his mother indicates that he understood her suggestion that he should use his divine power to bridge this domestic chasm, which his coming with his disciples had helped to create. And it was altogether appropriate that, as other guests had done, he should add to the provisions for the banquet by a personal gift.

Even against maternal interference Jesus must guard his miracle-working prerogative. In this matter he has nothing in common with any mortal, not even his own mother. The times and seasons (indicated by the phrase 'Mine hour') for the display of supernatural power were matters of agreement between Father and Son. In these matters it is presumption in the last degree for a mortal to interfere. Again, his mother must know her status toward him. 'The Son had now become the Lord even of the mother.'

Divorced from tone and look, the words, especially in our version, seem harsh. They were not so; and, even in them, Mary's quick woman's wit divined that, though Jesus did not work the miracle at her suggestion, he would still soon work it.

Not in the splendid temple, but in a humble home; not before the Sanhedrim of savants, but before a company of humble Galileans, Jesus manifested his glory in his first miracle, the special purpose of which was to confirm his disciples' faith in him.

NOTES COMMENTARIES.

Cana of Galilee: Identified with insignificant village, five miles north of Nazareth.—Kanet, New Century. A marriage: Among all Orientals marriages were occasions of much ceremony and unbounded feasting.—Tristram. Jesus was bidden: His presence suggests the honor of matrimony.—Pulpit com. The earthern floor and the ledge round the wall would be spread with carpets, the walls hung with garlands; the spirits of all bright and cheerful as the decorated chamber, and the modest rejoicings in no way clouded by the presence of Mary's Son and his followers.—Geikie. Wanted wine. And they had not wine because the wine of the wedding was finished.—Old Manuscript, Tischendorf. Occasioned by arrival of Jesus and his disciples. None but those who know how sacred in the East is the duty of lavish hospitality, and how passionately the obligation to exercise it to the utmost is felt, can realize the gloom which this incident would have thrown over the occasion, or the misery and mortification which it would have caused to the wedded pair.—Farrar. They have no wine: For half a lifetime she had known the resources of an absolutely unclouded judgment, a perfectly developed faculty, and an entirely unselfish heart. And it was inevitable that in every embarrassment she must have turned to him. . . . But more than this it is probable that she realized that the hour of his manifestation to the world was at last come; and the noblest and most unselfish woman could not fail to wish to direct the operation, so as to remove, unnoticed, the distress of her own friends.—Expositors. Woman: Nothing disrespectful—term used in addressing persons of highest rank.—New Century. Though in a gentle and affectionate manner, Jesus rejects her interference, intending to supply the demand in his own way.—Vincent. Mine hour is not yet come: By this 'hour' or time we understand some divinely appointed crisis, or some transition-point in his history, opening some new stage, or initiating some new event.—Whedon. Those who believe that the wine spoken of in this lesson was unintoxicating, will teach in accordance with that belief. Those who believe that it was ordinary wine, will teach that the making of such wine by our Lord no more indorses intoxication than the creation of the poppy, from which laudanum is made, indorses suicide.—Schauffler. Six waterpots of stone: As an eyewitness, John remembers their number, size and material.—Camb. Bible. This beginning of miracles: Public men are sometimes anxious with regard to a first appearance that it should be upon a scene in society and with accompaniments worthy of themselves or of their own conceptions of themselves. Jesus proved his superiority to human vanity and weakness in performing his first sign in a lowly home at a villager's wedding. His conduct in this was just like himself.—Pulpit Com.

THOUGHTS ON THE LESSON.

Worthy of remark is it that Jesus produced a flagon of wine for each in his company—one for himself and one for each of his five disciples. Over a hundred gallons of richest wine—a goodly dowry for the bride.

To magnify Jesus' making of wine on this occasion, however, is to make a mere accident the principle, and miss the mark entirely. The chief design of this record is to show our Saviour's sanctification of marriage and home-life.

No argument for wine-drinking in our country, under present social conditions, can be constructed from this incident. In the Orient wine is a staple of food. Its use is a matter of dietetics. In its quality it is not, as a rule, highly alcoholized. The making of wine in Cana does not justify the use of it in Chicago.

The conditions are all changed here. We have an abundance of variety of food never dreamed of in an Oriental home. We do not need wine. The wine in common use is doctored and more highly alcoholized. The climatic conditions are different. They predispose to excess. Excess is the rule. Intemperance prevails.

Under these conditions, total abstinence is our duty to self and neighbor.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Jan. 22.—Topic—How to win souls for Christ. John i., 40-46. (Led by the lookout committee.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

THE SABBATH DAY.

Monday, Jan. 16.—'The Sabbath of rest.' Ex. xxxi., 14-16.

Tuesday, Jan. 17.—'Keep my Sabbaths.' Lev. xix., 30.

Wednesday, Jan. 18.—'To be a sign.' Ezek. xx., 12.

Thursday, Jan. 19.—'The Sabbath a delight.' Isa. lviii., 13, 14.

Friday, Jan. 20.—No manna on the Sabbath. Ex. xvi., 26-30.

Saturday, Jan. 21.—Christ and the Sabbath. Matt. xii., 1-13.

Sunday, Jan. 22.—Topic—How does God want his Sabbaths kept? Ex. xx., 8-11.

Learning How to Teach.

'Won't you take a Sunday-school class?' addressed to a bright young woman, received the reply, 'I can't; I never learned how to teach. I have a companion who has spent six years in special training to teach in a secular school, and you ask me to teach more important matters without an hour's preparation.' 'But you have had preparation. Have you not been a Christian for more than six years, and have I not heard you say in the Christian Endeavor meeting that you were "saved to serve?" Have you not through these years been studying the Bible as your one guide book and striving to bring your entire life into obedience to its precepts? Have you not, therefore, spent these years in mastering both the theory and practice of teaching?'

To this series of questions, she yielded a hesitating 'Yes,' but still claimed that it would be necessary for her to make some special preparation for this proposed work. This claim we are ready to grant; but we would not have you lose sight of the main point that one's entire Christian life, including his conversion, and even his struggles with God before his conversion, is a normal course during which one sits at the feet of the Spirit and learns how to teach. No Christian, therefore, is entirely unprepared to teach.—Melbourne 'Spectator.'

The Go-to-church Band.

(Frederick Campbell, Westminster Church, Brooklyn, N.Y.)

The children of the last generation were sent to the Sunday-school, but not taken to church, hence a great crop of non-church-goers to-day. To secure church-goers in the next generation, we must train them in the present. And if parents are lax, the church must show herself inventive.

The Go-to-Church Band, originated by the Rev. B. H. Stauffer, of Buffalo, is perfectly flexible and capable of such modification as it has received in my own practice. Cloth-covered tickets are printed, with a space for the child's name, the dates for the Sundays of an agreed period, and a promise of reward for fidelity. After addressing the Sabbath-school concerning the duty and privilege of church-going, the pastor, with his own hand, distributes these tickets to old and young. Being presented at the door of the church each Sabbath morning, the dates are punched out by a reliable boy as 'ticket inspector.' During the first few weeks a roll should be formed of those found to be actually presenting the tickets; then each should be numbered to correspond with the name on the roll and attendance marked, and the roll always displayed. The children should sit with parents, and thus the family grouping be encouraged. Those who come without parents should occupy assigned seats and be under the care of the junior committee of the young people's society. On an early Sabbath the children should be called before the pulpit, where the pastor should address them and the congregation concerning them. It is not

necessary always to preach children's sermons, but reference to them in illustration and in prayer and one hymn selected for their participation will be appropriate.

In Sunday-school the superintendent always asks all to rise who were present at the service in the morning. A rapid count is made, the teacher reports to the secretary, and he includes in his report for the day the figures for attendance of Sunday-school at church. In each term several Sundays' absence is allowed, but beyond this strictness must be employed. The reward should be something enjoyed in common, such as an excursion, a sleigh ride, a banquet, etc. For the expense of this, provision may be made by an entertainment for which the children will sell the tickets. My testimony is that this plan has revolutionized the morning congregation. From an attendance of hardly half a dozen children, we have arrived at an enrollment of ninety-three, and the movement is growing. A recent analysis of the roll shows that fifty families are represented; sixteen of these send thirty-three children to church, whose parents are members; thirty-four families send fifty-six children to church whose parents neither of them are members of nor attend this church. I can only say that such changes in the church-going habits of children, if they should extend throughout the churches, would ensure a heavy percentage of churchgoers in the population of the coming generation.—Exchange.

The Teacher's Object.

Sunday-school teachers have only one object in teaching, and that is, to keep the living, personal Christ, to stamp that image upon the heart, to plant that glorious image there, to plant it so that it cannot be removed. Teachers who work effectually must let Christ be their theme. The Spirit's power lies in the development of the personal Saviour. It is just the teaching that God will honor. It is trying to make Christ the object of all teaching.—The Right Rev. Bishop of Huron.

A Bible Class of 60,000 Men.

In the fall of 1890, in the city of Syracuse, there was organized the first Young Men's Baraca Bible Class. After an existence of thirteen years this class reports a National Association of 1,058 Men's Baraca Classes in the United States, with 60,000 members. The Baraca Union of America is the name of the National Union. The largest Baraca classes are in the city of Brooklyn, N.Y., the largest one being in the Baptist Temple, of which the Rev, Cortland Myers, D.D., is pastor. In this class over 150 men have been converted, and in the parent class at Syracuse, N.Y., 141 have joined the church from the Baraca Class. In Atlanta, Ga., no room could be found in the church large enough for the class and several thousand dollars have been raised to build Baraca Hall. At Raleigh, N.C., a similar case prevailed and the class have a new hall for their own use.

J. H. Guyett, of St. Louis, Mo., has a Baraca Class of 300 men, and upon a recent occasion in September a reception was given by this class to men and over 1,500 attended. California has over 1,000 men in Baraca Classes, New Jersey, 1,000, and New York State has 8,000 men enrolled. New Jersey, North Carolina, Georgia and New York State have state affiliations with secretaries and officers. The classes meet with the schools, and are a part of the schools, but during the week their rooms are open for reading, games, lectures, etc. They are fast solving the great problem of how to keep the churches open during the week and making that the rallying place for the men of the city.

The wonderful growth of this movement has been blessed of God and it continues to grow. Many classes are being formed every month, and embrace all denominations. The National classes in convention at Binghamton, N.Y., last May, appointed M. A. Hudson, its National president and founder, as their delegate to Jerusalem at the World's Sunday-school Convention. Mr. Hudson, who is a business man conducting two stores, will retire from the business world and devote his whole time to the work of the Baraca Union of America.—'Ram's Horn.'

The Drunkard's Soliloquy.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
And make me a man again, just for to-night;
Let me shake off these vile rags that I wear,
Cleanse me from all this foul stain that I bear;
Oh, let me stand where I stood long ago,
Freed from these sorrows, unknown to this woe;
Freed from a life that is cursing my soul
Unto death while the years of eternity roll.

Backward, turn backward, oh, fast-flowing stream,
Would that my life could prove only a dream!
Let me forget the black sins of the past;
Let me undo all my folly so vast;
Let me live over the dark life that is gone;
Bring back the dark, wasted years that are flown;
Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
And make me a man again, just for to-night.

Back! Yes, turn backward, ye swift-rolling years!
Why does your memory bring forth these hot tears?
Why comes this vision of life lost in sin?
Why am I thinking of what might have been?
Where is my home, once so happy and bright?
Where is that face whose own presence was light?
Where are the children who climbed on my knee?
Back, flowing tide! bring them once more to me.
Yet the tide rushes on, this wild flight of the years,
And the days only deepen my sorrow and fears.
I call, but no answer comes back to me now,
Naught but an echo as weak as my vow.
For 'neath the sad cypress tree, low in the sod,
Lies the body whose soul has gone back to its God,
And out of the silence no child voices come,
As in days long ago in my sweet, happy home.

Backward? Nay, Time rushes onward and on;
'Tis the dream that comes back of the days that are gone;
I yielded my strength when I could have been strong;
I would fly, but, alas! I had lingered too long.
The hell hound had seized me—my will was not mine,
Destruction was born in the sparkling of wine!
So, in weakness, I totter through gloom to the grave,
A sovereign in birth, but in dying—a slave.
—Texas 'Advocate.'

An Indian Temperance Pledge

The Rev. J. D. McDonald, of Detroit, contributed the following incident from his missionary life to the 'Christian Endeavor World.'

The morning was perfect.

The blue of the sky was intensely blue, and the grass-blades had a new dress, for a frost had settled upon mother earth during the night.

A walk of four or five miles took me from the station through the white settlement. Two miles further through the woods lay the little Indian village with the log church.

The leaves were falling from the maples. Occasionally a squirrel gave vent to his joy.

But sounds were few. It is a time for meditation. The glory of God seemed to fill the forests. The soul was stirred with a new reverence and love.

While I was quietly walking, and meditating upon the message to which the patient Indians were to listen, this exquisite solitude was abruptly ended.

The intruder proved to be a white settler returning from the Indian village.

By his attitude it appeared that some startling news was in store. Anxious to relate it, he introduced ris remarks with, 'Say, elder, don't think your preaching's quite reached all the Indians yit.'

Then he recited the sad tragedy of 'Big Jack's' death.

Big Jack was known as a jolly good fellow, tall and strong. He had earned 'a stake' loading vessels.

It was the sad story of many an Indian, and white man, too, in that north country. Some one had treated him, and then, they said, 'he had gone crazy, and would not stop.' He had lost his money, of course; no one knew how; and at a late hour they started him on the Chicago and Northwestern railway for his home. The next morning his mangled remains were found. My thoughts quickly changed. What could I say to those people to help them? The fact was that the Indians had been ashamed to send for me, and had buried Jack among the hemlocks and maples.

That day I talked to them, not upon the subject which I had prepared, but upon intemperance, and pressing home the truth that the Master was able to keep them if they would trust him.

They listened attentively; some of them wept. The older women, who always insisted on sitting upon the floor instead of in the pews, swayed and moaned.

The meeting was followed by the usual handshaking, and the frequent 'That's so,' 'Good talk for Indian,' 'Me need that so,' 'Poor Jack!' etc., gave promise that good results would come.

Two weeks passed; the scattered field of eight places was traversed; and now the walk once more to the Indian village, this time in the midst of a cold November storm.

My thoughts went back to the bitterness and sorrow attending the previous meeting.

The same respectful audience of men, women and children were assembled. As I walked up the steps into the pulpit, something strange greeted my eye. It was a temperance pledge pinned to the wall.

While I read it there was a deathlike silence. After reading it some moments were spent, still facing the wall, in the endeavor to regain my usual gravity.

The pledge was as follows:

'We know whiskey bad. Jack dead because of whiskey. We 'gree not touch whiskey. Trust God keep us.'

Then followed a long list of the names of men, women and children. Some said, 'Me 'gree not touch whiskey for six months;' another could hold out only three months; still another one month; some could keep the pledge as long 'as mother or wife not want to touch,' but all pledges were given in good faith and with perfect sincerity.

What Becomes of the Saloon-keeper.

In the 'Ram's Horn' some time ago the subscribers were invited to state what their observations had been concerning the fate of saloon-keepers. Among the replies received was the following:

'I have watched with interest for forty years the incoming and outgoing of the saloon-keepers of a town of Tennessee of 4,000 inhabitants. None of them have gone down to the grave in old age in peace and prosperity. Three have died in the worst of poverty; four have died drunk; two have died of loathsome diseases; two have been killed in saloons; one young man accumulated a fortune of $60,000 in a few years, and died a raving maniac; one, after having five shooting scapes, quit the saloon business, and at last, in his poverty, joined the church. He is yet living. One, an old man, yet living in his poverty, is a dependent; two are yet living, confirmed drunkards; four are young men, now running saloons, and seem to be prospering so far.'

Another subscriber writes:

'You ask "what becomes of the saloon-keeper?" I have been a close observer on this subject all my life. One of the first saloon-keepers I ever knew, lived and died a miserable wretch. One of his sons fell out of a buggy and broke his neck. Another committed suicide. Another saloon-keeper of our town had one son, a murderer. He shot down in cold blood an employee. A daughter of the same saloon-keeper married one of the brightest lawyers of our state, a man of ability, who had a wonderful memory. He is now in the

Insane Asylum. Another saloon-keeper of our town has been a helpless sufferer for twenty years, and is yet a comparatively young man. Still another saloon-keeper had a son, who, while under the influence of rum leaned on a loaded gun and shot his arm off. Medical aid could not stop the flow of blood and he died. Most of the family, which was large, lived miserable lives and died young in life. The sins of the parent follow to the third and fourth generation. In no one is this truth more apparent than in the generations of the saloon-keeper.'

Still another gives his experience:

'I have for some years carefully noted the conditions of the saloon-men whom I have known, and all who have died have left no property. In this town were some saloon-keepers who were well-to-do financially when this place went for prohibition several years ago. Some of them owned valuable property and had money, and since the sale of whiskey was stopped they have been industrious in other pursuits, but misfortune follows them, and to-day, in old age, they are poor men. So plainly has this been seen that a former saloon-keeper told me that he knew why he did not prosper, for said he, "the curse of the Almighty is on me and all others who have sold liquor." This man is now a good citizen and so far as I knew, is leading a Christian life, but he thinks that while God pardons him of the guilt of his former business, yet he allows the temporal curse to remain which prevents the success that an industrious career would otherwise achieve.

'I have in mind a saloon-keeper of a near-by city; a man of standing in temporal affairs; a total abstainer himself. When his city closed all saloons he went into other business with plenty of money, and had the finest home in the city. In three or four years his home was sold, his business shattered, and he in poverty. His business was taken in hand by others and is now a prosperous enterprise. I am of the opinion that a lasting blight rests upon the liquor dealer.

Railways and Total Abstinence.

There is one general rule regarding temperance on all railways in the Eastern States, which provides that no employee shall take a drink while on duty or come on duty under the effect of liquor.

This rule is in force on the Metropolitan Street Railway, the Manhattan Railway, the Long Island Railroad, the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, the New York, New Haven & Hartford, and the Brooklyn Rapid Transit, the Smith Street and De Kalb Avenue line in Brooklyn.

There is a further rule that men who make a practice of taking intoxicating liquor, even when off duty, shall be subject to dismissal. This applies especially to all men who are engaged in the operation of trains.

There are 30,000 railway workers in Greater New York.—Exchange.

Liquor in Grocery Stores.

A doctor with a large practice in the suburbs of London, England, told an 'Express' representative that grocers' licenses are among the greatest curses of the age. 'I have traced,' he said, 'many cases of alcoholism among women to this source. The evil begins with the grocers' license and in a short time the public house is patronized.

'Another evil is the medicated wine, the trade in which has vastly increased during the past few years. Scores of people who would not touch ordinary wine or spirits ask if they may take a little of somebody's medicated wine. It is nothing but ordinary wine to which a drug has been added.

'It is my firm conviction that the use of such wine cultivates, and in some cases, awakens a craving for alcohol in stronger form.'

A member of a public body in West Ham showed an 'Express' representative round the best parts of the borough one Saturday night. The passing of well dressed women in and out of public houses of the better type was continuous. A visit was paid to what is an admittedly well conducted 'hotel.' In the saloon bar were forty-five persons, twenty-five of whom were women, including six girls with young men, evidently sweethearts.—English Exchange.

The Golden Goblet: a Christmas Story.

(Maggie Fearn, in 'Alliance News.')

(Continued.)

Right merrily went the feasting, and the laugh and jest went round; and of all the fair dames and maidens that graced that stately hall there was not a face so fair as the Lady Elvira's. There was not a form and presence so light and gracious as hers. Bright eyes grew envious when they gazed upon her beauty, and page and knight vied with gallant rivalry to do her homage. Yet her cheeks grew pale, and her tongue lost its cunning, and her smile its playful archness as the hour wore on; and when at length the Lord Roderick rose from his seat on the raised dais at the upper end of the hall, and filled the Golden Goblet sparkling to the brim with ruby wine, Lady Elvira's chair was vacant.

He lifted the glittering goblet in his hand and pledged his guests, and drank of the flowing wine in merry mood. Then he turned to where the Lady Elvira had been sitting, that she might be the next to drink of the loving cup; but lo! spectre-like, she had vanished, leaving but one white broidered glove to plead her pardon.

The Lord Roderick stood still and speechless for a minute's space, while the guests, watching his face, saw an angry light leap into his eyes, and his brow gather darkness.

'How, my lord and ladies,' cried he, 'what means this, that our fair mistress hath forsaken us, forsooth? It were an ill-timed jest to leave the feasting before the honors of the house of Baldrick had been drank. What, oh, sir page, say to the Lady Elvira's tiring woman that the guests wait her pleasure to taste the loving cup.'

The nimble page, in vestment of green, with silver lacing, hastened to the Lady Elvira's private apartment, and returned almost instantly, followed by the old nurse, who had recounted the legend of the Golden Goblet in the oak gallery. She looked timorous and ill at ease. She feared the Lord Roderick's anger.

'And it please you, my lord, the Lady Elvira is ill fitted for the fatigue of the feasting to-night. She begs that you will pass the loving cup without her, and craves the indulgence of your guests to pardon her absence.'

The frown deepened on the handsome brow of the young lord. The Golden Goblet trembled in his grasp. His voice was quick and angry.

'We can spare no beauty that can grace our banquet to-night,' said he. 'What are the pale stars when we seek the queen moon? Our feasting hall grows dim, good Aileen, and we would fain have the brightness of the queen moon to gladden our vision. Tell your fair mistress the loving cup yet waits for her sweet lips to touch it. The banquet waits for the Lady Elvira, and we would that the revelry went forward!'

The old nurse curtsied low, and turned away to do his bidding, and around the festal board floated a wondering whisper, and a curious silence hovered about the hall—a silence that was the more to be noticed for the faint, restless, half hushed, movement of sweeping silken gowns, and the muffled clang of steel armor under velvet doublets.

Into the curious silence came the recreant lady mistress. The Lord Roderick stepped not down from his dais to greet her as before. He held the Golden Goblet, and waited as she slowly passed up the length of the hall, between the goodly train of eager-eyed guests.

'We grieve for your indisposition, fair lady,' said the Lord Roderick; 'but no dame of the house of Baldrick hath passed the loving cup on Christmas eve since the night when our good Father Egbert brought it in triumph and honor from a hardly-contested chase. Prithee, your forbearance, my Lady Elvira, but we crave your goodly pledge to us from the Golden Goblet.'

He took one step forward, his eye kindling into love and forgiveness, as it rested on her fair young beauty. Indeed, she was passing fair—a queen moon amid her galaxy of stars.

But she did not lift her eyes to her lord's face. She crossed her hands upon her breast, and the gleam of the white priceless pearls upon her neck and rounded arms caught new lustre from the flashing lights above. In her shimmering gown of ivory satin, she sank on one knee before him, not touching the raised dais where her rightful seat was still placed by his side. And so, silent and with drooped head, she knelt before the Lord Roderick.

Not a sound startled the stillness of the great hall, and the lords and ladies, watching with holden breath, saw a crimson dye mount to the Lord Roderick's cheek and brow. He stopped with hurried gesture.

'You kneel, fair lady, and to me? Nay, but this shall not be.'

And he sought to raise her from her lowly posture, but she would not.

'Nay, sweetheart,' said he, with a touch of eager anxiety in his voice; 'jest not on this point any further. No wedded wife of a Baldrick shall kneel to her lord in a festal hall.'

Yet still she knelt.

'Prithee, what is it, Lady Elvira? 'Twas but a moment's anger, fair mistress, that you should have forsaken us when we craved your presence. Rise, and pledge our noble guests in the loving cup.'

'It is not your past anger that I fear, good my lord,' answered the Lady Elvira, in a low voice. 'It is that I fear to raise your anger again. I have a little story to tell into your ear, and my lord will surely listen?'

'Ay, for ever, to the music of so sweet a voice, Elvira! Speak, fair lady; but not in so lowly a position.

'I kneel until my lord shall hear what I have to speak; and then if he can pardon, and smile upon Elvira still, she will honor him as never lord or lover was honored.'

He bent over her, touching with his hand her clustering hair.

'Speak, Lady Elvira,' said he. 'The hall of noble guests await your pleasure.'

Then she raised her sweet, sad face, whereon rested a pallor grey as that of age and sorrow.

'In a timid nest fluttered a little frighted birdling, which feared to fly, and yet longed to see the great and beautiful world. Its mother and many others had told strange and wonderful stories of the marvellous things which were only veiled by the walls of the nest; but of one great danger all warned the birdling—a danger which might not hold such covert treachery for some, but which for it was full of a fatal though subtle power. Then there came a day when a Golden Eagle saw the timid birdling, and wished to take it far away to his grand home, and the birdling was well pleasured to let him carry it there. But the Golden Eagle knew nothing of the power of the danger that was lurking near, until on a festal day the poor little fluttering captive saw the coming of the fatal foe, and drooped its wings in terror, and fell well nigh aswooning at the feet of the Golden Eagle. There were those around who said the danger was but a shadow, that it was weakness to dread it; but the birdling knew it meant dishonor and death if it touched it. Only love stood between the frighted thing and the danger it dreaded. What think you, my lord? Should the Golden Eagle champion the cause of the helpless birdling or look on to see it shiver and die beneath the blight of the foe?'

The glance of his eye was like lightning as it flashed from face to face in that goodly train.

'How say you, my lords and ladies?' he cried. 'If the Golden Eagle prove faithless to his trust, shall it not be that the hapless captive seek another champion? How say you?'

A low murmur went round among the guests, and the Lady Elvira waited. Sure, so strange a scene had never been witnessed in the castle hall.

'And shall a fair lady kneel to a Baldrick in vain? It were poor gallantry in a belted knight to suffer that, good people.'

Again an inarticulate murmur. The Lord Roderick stooped.

'Elvira?'

'There has been a curse upon my father's house from generation to generation; and the stain dyes deeper, and the clouds hang thicker as the years pass on. And it will not be removed until one of our race adjures the touch and taste of wine through life. Know, my lord, that these lips of Elvira's have never pressed the dainty delusive draught, and I have sworn by my father's name, that the curse shall die with me.'

(To be continued.)

Correspondence

PICTURES.

How many of you draw pictures? Would you like to see some of your art work reproduced in the 'Messenger' on your correspondence page? I can just see some of you nodding your heads vigorously. Well, then, get your pencil and paper and remember the rules.

Rules:—(1) Your name, age and address should be written below the picture, nothing else should be written or drawn on the sheet of paper.

(2) As they are to be printed, every line in the picture must be distinct.

(3) Make your pictures large enough to pretty well cover a post-card; we will print them smaller, but we want them clear.

We will print all we can of your pictures, but don't expect to see more than one from the same artist in three months.

CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

P.S.—The letter of George A. G., of St. Davids, Ont., has been voted for by the following: Maggie Brunette, Mina R. Palmer, Clara Sringsted, Dorothy Millar, E. S. Bryant (16), Ada Fraser, and a few others.

Stanley C. has one vote; also E. I. J.—Cor. Ed.

Harcourt, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for nearly two years, and could not do without it. I sew them together, and I now have one hundred of them. I saw the riddle in the 'Messenger,' which was, 'What book in the Bible is written without mentioning the name of God?' I think it is the Song of Solomon. I am very fond of reading, and my favorite books are: 'Twenty Minutes Late,' 'Three People,' 'Little Women,' and 'Little Men,' and many others. Our teacher, Mr. S., brought some pieces of rock to school with ferns imprinted in them. He said it had been caused by the earth pressing down on top of the ferns. Then more earth pressed down, till gradually they got pressed down to the rocks. With earth on top and rock on the bottom, the ferns after many years imprinted their forms in the rocks. The forms of ferns and other things are often found in coal. Here is a poem I composed myself.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

The old year's goin' out, boys,
  The new one's comin' in;
The bells are pealin' merrily
  Above the noise and din.

The feastin's goin' on, boys,
  With never a thought nor fear,
But the old year's goin' out, boys,
  And the new one's drawin' near.

The new year's comin' in, boys
  The old year's goin' out;
The new year's comin' in, boys,
  Don't stain it with a pout.

When to-morrow the sun rises,
  It'll shine another year;
For the old one's goin' out, boys,
  And the new one's drawin' near.

MORTON MacM.

Farmington, Cum. Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—Last Friday was my birthday. I was sixteen years old. There is a steam mill in the woods not very far from us. I was in to it once. There are two camps. One for the people that run the mill and one for the people that put the logs to the mill. We have over a mile to go to the post-office, so it is quite a little walk to go for the mail. The 'Messenger' is a nice paper. Will Mildred N. please write and tell how to play 'Sheep's home.' I think the 'Wedding Ring' story is nice.

C. A. C.

Montreal, Que.

Dear Editor,—I would like to ask Joseph W. T., of Lawrence, Kansas, to look again at those peanuts of his and give us more particulars as to where and how the nuts really form. I have seen fields of peanuts where the nuts came, not from the roots, but from the yellow pea-like flowers that bloomed underneath the tuft of green leaves, and then bent down and hid their faded heads under the ground, where the sturdy little pods developed. I want to learn all I can about all kinds of peanuts, for I am very fond of them.

A. R.

Cambridge, Queen's Co., N.S

Dear Editor,—As I have not written to the 'Messenger' for a long time, I thought I would write now. Our examination was on Thursday. We had a very good one. My recitation was, 'A Stocking for Somebody Else.' I have been expecting to see a letter in the 'Messenger' from my cousin, Vera S., who lives in St. John. I live right beside the beautiful Washademoak river. It is frozen over now, so that teams are crossing on the ice. We have had quiite a lot of skating this winter.

HAZEL ESSIE G.

Guelph, Ont.

HAPPY CHILDREN.

Sing a song of Saturday,
  Hours full of play,
Four and twenty children
  Out for the day.

Sing a song of Sunday,
  In the Sunday-school,
Four and twenty children
  Learning Sunday rule.

Sing a song of Monday,
  Off to school they go,
Sitting at their lessons
  As the minutes flow.

Let us be like children,
  Merry, bright and young;
If the devil tempts us
  To the Lord we'll run.

Composed by Alfred Johnson (aged 13), Ernest Black (aged 11), and Howard Black (aged 11). We made this up as we were going to school on Nov. 6, 1904.

Norwood, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My father has taken the 'Messenger' for a year or more, and I have never written to it yet, so I thought I would spend my evening writing to you. I have never seen any letters from any of my relations yet in the 'Messenger.' We have had quite a lot of snow already, and there is good sleighing. For pets I have four cats and a dog. I also have a cow which my father gave me when I was young. I have no brothers or sisters, and no mother, as my mother died when I was four years old. I go to school every day, and I am in the junior fourth class. There are not many going to school now, because the snow is too deep. Our nearest village is Norwood. It is not a very large village, but it is getting larger all the time.

FLORA V. L. (aged 12).

Buckley's Corner, N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is the second time I have written to the 'Messenger.' When I wrote before I was only five years of age. Now I am eight. I go to school every day when the weather is good and when I am well. I am subject to asthma, and sometimes I can scarcely breathe. I live right under the North Mountain, and this is one of the most fertile spots in the Cornwallis Valley. I attend Covenanter Church and Sunday-school. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Mrs. M., and I like her very much, and so do all the other girls in our class. This summer I went to visit my aunt, who lives in Clements, Annapolis County. I went down alone on the train and came back alone. The conductor took real good care of me, though, and I think he must like little girls. My papa and mamma are both dead. They both died when I was four years of age. My papa was drowned. For pets we have a canary named Paddy. He is fourteen years old, a Scotch collly, Scott. He is seven years old, and a good dog if ever there was one. Then we have also a horse named Chester and a cow named Thelma. We have also six cats, but I am afraid it would take up too much space to give their names, as they each have two. I have two brothers and two sisters of my very own, and I also have three adopted brothers and one sister. I have a hatchet stickpin that my youngest adopted brother bought for me from Carrie Nation when he was a student in Harvard College, and Mrs. Nation was visiting the college. Hoping soon to see some more letters from this county, and wishing all the readers of the 'Messenger,' together with its editor and staff, a Happy Christmas.

GERTRUDE P. L.

The Maples, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I enjoy reading the correspondence page very much. The 'Messenger' comes to my youngest sister. I have five sisters and one brother. I go to school and study the fifth book, history, geography, grammar, arithmetic and writing. I am twelve years old. We have an orchard of apples, plums, cherries, red and black currants and gooseberries and strawberries. Mamie E. M. wanted to know if there are any of the books of the Bible that did not speak of God. I think there are two, Esther and the Song of Solomon.

GLADYS T.

Boys and Girls,

Show your teacher, your superintendent or your pastor, the following 'World Wide' list of contents.

Ask him if he thinks your parents would enjoy such a paper.

If he says yes then ask your father or mother if they would like to fill up the blank Coupon at the bottom of this column, and we will send 'World Wide' on trial, free of charge, for one month.

COUPON.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers 'World Wide,
Montreal.

Dear Sirs,

Please send 'World Wide' on trial, free of charge for one month, to

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who knows 'World Wide' by reputation or is a subscriber.

The following are the contents of the Issue of Dec. 31, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Kuropatkin and Stoessel—A Russian Tactician and a Russian Hero—The 'Spectator,' London.
The Army in India—Lord Kitchener's Reform—From an Anglo-Indian Correspondent of the Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Magna Charta of the Indian People—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Sir Oliver Lodge's Faith—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Lord Rosebery at Glasgow—English Papers.
The Canadian Life-Saving Service at Sable Island—By Arthur P. Silver, in 'Chambers's Journal.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The Story of a Picture—6,500 Guineas for the Whitehaven Romney—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
The Velasquez at Boston—Is it Only a Fine Old Copy?—By Charles De Kay, in the New York 'Times.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Idyll—By Hugh Macnaghten, in the 'Spectator,' London.
A Wish—By Abraham Cowley.
Bishop Creighton's Lines to his Wife—'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
The Last Trek—Poem, by F. Edmund Garrett, in the 'Spectator,' London.
Two Tales from Oxford—By G. K. Chesterton—The 'Daily News,' London
The Bishop of Hereford on the Church and National Life—From the First Number of the 'Liberal Churchman,' the new Organ of the Broad Church Party.
Lady Besant—'The Author,' London.
Balzac—The 'Daily News,' London.
'Theophano'—Byzantium in Fiction—By H. W. C. Davis, in the Manchester 'Guardian.'
England Through African Eyes—Things the Prime Minister of Uganda Saw—The 'Spectator,' London.
Extracts from 'Uganda's Katikiro in England.'
'The Golden Bowl'—New Book by Henry James—A Subject for Serious Literary Discussion—H. W. Boynton, in the New York 'Times' Book Review.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Carnegie and the Franklin Fund—The Boston 'Herald.'
The Epidemic of Ornithitis—By the Spectator in the 'Outlook,' New York.
The Book of Knowledge—Our Ancestors' Infallible Recipe for Finding Who Would Win in War—The 'Morning Leader,' London.
Science Notes.

THINGS NEW AND OLD.

HOUSEHOLD.

[For the 'Messenger.'

A Home-Made Rug.

The rugs which I shall describe combine beauty and durability, and are so economical, that they commend themselves to the economical housewife. Select soft woollen material, either dress goods or knit underwear, from the pile of cast-off garments, and cut in bias stripe one inch wide. Gather the stripe lengthwise through the middle, using a coarse needle and No. 8 thread. It will not be necessary to sew the stripes together, simply lap the edges and gather through them, twisting the roll as you go. When one thread is full, tie on another and proceed until you have all you need. Roll these gathered stripes into balls, and send them to a carpet weaver, whose charge for weaving and chain will not exceed thirty cents per square yard. It does not resemble rag carpet in the least, as the chain sinks into the rags and does not show. In fact, it is a good imitation of the Smyrna rug. Much of the beauty of the rug depends upon the colors used, and if the goods are faded, as is probable, dye the color you wish with diamond dyes. Any dark color is pretty for the middle, with a bright colored border. If you prefer a hit or miss centre, collect all the small pieces you have, cut into strips, and lay in a pile by themselves. The small rolls of pieces that have cumbered the boxes for a long time can be used to advantage. When you have plenty, mix them well, and sew them. The shorter the stripe, and the greater the variety of colors, the prettier it will be. Have the ends finished with a plain border, and a heavy crocheted fringe.—E. J. C., Kansas.

To get the most out of the new year, we must put the most into it. And we put the most into it by living in a spirit of earnestness, doing with our might what our hand finds to do, not trifling with the golden hours, but receiving each as a precious gift from God. Only such earnest purpose makes the day a blessing, insures progress from good to better, and causes us to live in eternity while we are in time. They are the happiest who value every hour, who put good work into it, who do not procrastinate, who do everything now, and do it as well as it can be done. These make of life a fine art. Such men say each year, in the words of our dear brother and friend,—

'Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!'

—James Freeman Clarke.

Handy Paste.

A paste that will keep and be ready whenever the children want to work at their scrapbooks during the winter evenings, or whenever one of the school books or music books needs immediate repair, would be a boon to the busy mother. The following is a good recipe for this purpose:—Dissolve a teaspoonful of alum in a quart of warm water. Leave till cold and then stir in as much flour as will bring it to the consistency of cream, being careful to press out all the lumps. Stir in half a teaspoonful of powdered rosin and pour on to the paste a cup of boiling water, mixing it well. When it becomes thick, put into a wide-mouthed jar, cover and keep in a close place. When required for use, take out a little and soften it with warm water.

What is going to be our truth for the New Year? Is it not that the love which has never deserted us shall come closer to us, because it finds us readier to receive it—making us better, stronger, purer, nobler, more manly, more womanly, more fit for life; not because God loves us any more, but because we, with new openness, are more ready to receive him into our lives?—Phillips Brooks.

The most serviceable and keen

KNIFE FREE.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal.

Darning Stockings.

Darning stockings is never a very welcome task, and too often in the case where there is a large family the task seems almost endless. The following method will insure less darning, because the darns being more secure will last longer. Before beginning to darn a hole tack a piece of coarse net lightly to the stocking over the hole, then darn over the net and be sure to also darn well into the stocking as well to keep the darn firm. The net makes such a good foundation that the work is more quickly done, and the result is a much smoother and neater darn than one done in the old way.—Selected.

Effects of Sunshine.

The depressing effect of a week of cloudy weather is not felt alone by human beings, but the whole animal world as well. Cattle go moping about, horses put on a forlorn, forsaken look, the birds refuse to sing, the crows fly about giving voice to their discontent in such mournful 'caws,' and everything, both great and small, shows the effect of cloudy, gloomy days, with nothing to brighten them up. But let a day of sunshine come, and behold the change! People meet each other with smiling, happy faces; the horses toss their heads and caper away over the hills, playful and happy; the birds sing as though it were the first day of creation; insects hum; and all nature is joyful. If the change from clouds to brightness is manifested so plainly in all things that live outdoors, why is it that so many people shut away the source of light from their homes and their bodies? Is it healthful—is it wise?—'Life and Health.'

Monday no Longer Scrub Day

It was Saturday when I entered upon an experience which finally resulted in lightening to a good degree the labor of Monday. I had risen that morning with a headache to prepare alone a breakfast for four. My sole and only servant left in a tantrum the previous Monday, before the washing was begun, and I had not succeeded in replacing her during the week. The washing—the dreaded washing, the dreadful washing had been done in the meantime by a woman who had promised to come to-day to do the ironing. The appointed hour arrived, but not the woman. Nine o'clock had struck, then ten.

'Now, I shall have to do that ironing myself,' I groaned.

I waxed irate. It would never do to leave the clothes already dampened in the basket over Sunday in August. 'I shall have to spend the remainder of this hot day cooking and ironing. My sight was dimmed with tears.

But there was no help for it, and I wearily began the task with throbbing head and smarting eyes. Just then the door bell rang. 'For the twentieth time this morning. It has continued to keep me running to the door every ten minutes since I came to the kitchen. There is no person living half so perverse as an inanimate thing.' This I muttered crossly passing through the hall.

I opened the door before Mrs. Wouldgood, who asked cheerily, 'Would you like to engage a girl for general housework?'

'Why, I am just perishing for the want of one,' I laughed. The clouds lifted all at once.

'The sister of the girl who works for me is at my house waiting to find a place. She would be glad to come to you to-day.'

'Has she any references?' thinking of the disastrous results of my last trial. 'Do you know anything about her?'

'Oh, dear, no, not a thing—except that she is a—greenhorn! Just arrived in Brooklyn yesterday from Finland. Only think of her coming alone from Finland to America. She can wash, so my girl says, but she can't speak a word of English.'

My heart sank at that. 'Oh, I do not want her then. It would be such a task to teach her.'

'If you haven't anybody,' said my bright neighbor, 'she will do better than no one until you find some one more experienced. Finland girls learn easily—and this one can wash dishes. She learned so much this morning.'

Now I have such a positive distaste for dishwashing, the mere thought of it turned the balance instantly.

No Breakfast Table complete without

EPPS'S

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. It is a valuable diet for children.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical

'Tell her to come and I will see what I can do with her.'

She was in my kitchen in five minutes—a typical Russian in peasant costume and the wooden shoes. She was quick in her movements and eager to learn. In half an hour I was able to leave her to iron the plain pieces while I rested.

Monday morning came again all too soon. Yet I arose this morning with a light heart, for Sophia knew how to wash, you know, Mrs. Wouldd omegood said so.

I had kept house ten years and more, but that mystery I never had solved. Sophia would be my superior in this matter. I ran down to the kitchen, just to assure myself that all was well. I glanced about sharply. No sign of the washing, and Sophia gazing vacantly out of the window. I resorted to emphatic pantomime at once. I pointed to the hamper of soiled linen, to the empty boiler and dry tubs.

'Monday is washing-day! Sophia? Sophia's face looked as wooden as her shoes. She had actually never seen a wash tub in her life. I was in despair. How could I teach her? I had a vague idea that soiled clothes must be washed with soap and water, boiled, rinsed, starched and dried; but where to begin and how to end was the question. I could not recall that any of my housekeeping periodicals gave advice about washing.

(To be continued.)

Notes.

A day or two's abstinence from solid food aids the system to throw off a cold.

Cloths (flannel) wrung from hot water often relieve neuralgia and other severe pains.

If hiccoughs do not yield to the usual remedy of drinking water very slowly, take a small piece of sugar and dissolve it gradually on the tongue.

Heartburn can be immediately got rid of by taking cream of tartar, about half a teaspoonful in half a glass of water. It makes a pleasant effervescent drink, cooling to the blood.

The best treatment for a bruise is an immediate application of hot fomentations; after that, witch hazel, vinegar and hot water or alcohol and water, put on with a bandage and often moistened.

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Glencoe, Ontario, Can., May 24, 1904.

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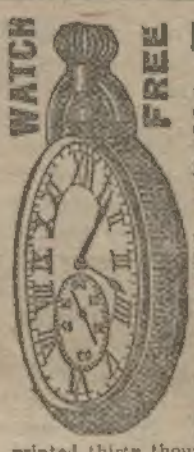

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We will give this handsome watch free to any boy for selling only one dozen of our annual comic review of the year entitled "1904 CARICATURED" just published, at ten cents each. A 50 cent certificate given free with each.

The watch has a beautiful silvered nickel case, handsomely polished, a hard enamelled dial, heavy bevelled crystal, hour, minute and second hands, and reliable American movement. It will last many years with care.

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THE BABY'S OWN SOAP

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